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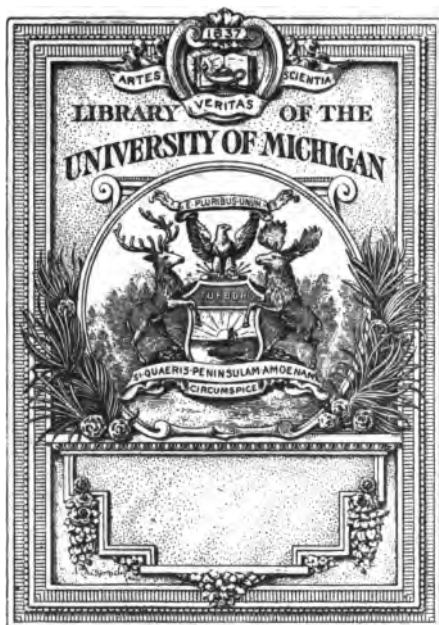
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P. 2



The Dickens Year Book

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CHICAGO
A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1913



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MR. PICKWICK



Vox

THE DICKENS YEAR BOOK

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A. C. McCLURG & CO.
1912

Published January, 1912

CHARLES DICKENS

Born, February 7, 1812

Died, June 9, 1870

**“ Oh rare Charles Dickens! You found us well,
but you left us Weller.”**

January

I HAVE faith, and I wish to diffuse faith in the existence of beautiful things—yes, even in those conditions of society which are degenerate, degraded and forlorn. I take it that we are born, and that we hold our sympathies, hopes and energies in trust for the Many and not for the Few. That we cannot hold in too strong a light of disgust and contempt, before our own view and that of others, all meanness, falsehood, cruelty, and oppression of every grade and kind. Above all, that nothing is high because it is in a high place, and that nothing is low because it is in a low place. This is the lesson which we may read alike in the bright track of the stars, and in the dusty course of the poorest thing that drags its tiny legs upon the ground.—Charles Dickens: Address at Hartford, Conn., 1842.

The Dickens Year Book

January

1

"There's milestones on the Dover road!"

— Mr. F.'s Aunt

"Run a moist pen slick through everything, and start afresh."

— Dick Swiveller

2

"Annual income, twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds, annual expenditure, twenty pounds, aught and six, result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene and — and, in short, you are forever floored."

— Mr. Micawber

3

"My friends, peace be upon this house! On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens and on the young men! My friends, why do I ask for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No. Is it lovely and gentle and beautiful and pleasant and serene and joyful? Oh, yes! Therefore, my friends, I wish for peace, upon you and upon yours."

— Mr. Chadband

January

4

"I ast your pardon, ma'am, sez Mrs. Harris, and I humbly grant your grace, for if ever a woman lived as would see her fellow-creeturs into fits to serve her friends, well do I know that woman's name is Sairey Gamp."

— Mrs. Gamp

5

"Errands gone
On with fi
Delity by
Ladies and Gentlemen
I remain
Your humble servt
Silas Wegg."

— Silas Wegg

6

"Water in the wash-hand basin 's a mask o' ice, sir. Fine time for them as is well wrapped up, as the Polar Bear said to himself, ven he was practising his skating."

— Sam Weller

7

"If this here lasts much longer, Sammy, I shall feel it my duty as a human bein' to rise and address the cheer. There's a young 'ooman on the next form but two, as has drank nine breakfast cups and a half 'and she's a-swellin' wisely before my wery eyes."

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

January

8

"All was over in a moment. I had fulfilled my destiny. I was a captive and a slave. I loved Dora Spenlow to distraction. . . . I was swallowed up in an abyss of love in an instant. There was no pausing on the brink — no looking down or looking back; I was gone, headlong, before I had sense to say a word to her."
— David Copperfield

9

"What's the good of references? It's no satisfaction to be done by two men instead of one. One's enough. A person who can't pay gets another person who can't pay to guarantee that he can pay. Like a person with two wooden legs getting another person with two wooden legs to guarantee that he's got two natural legs. It don't make either of 'em able to do a walking match."
— Mr. Pancks

10

"Whether twenty Romuluses made a Remus, or hic, haec, hoc was troy weight, or a verb always agrees with an ancient Briton, or three times four was Taurus, a bull, were open questions with him."
— Of Paul Dombey

11

"With the exception of the heel of a Dutch cheese — which is not adapted to the wants of a young family — there is really not a scrap of anything in the larder. I was accustomed to speak of the larder when I lived with papa and mamma, and I use the word almost unconsciously. What I mean to express is, that there is nothing to eat in the house."
— Mrs. Micawber

January



"Wishing that your elth may be better than your looks, which your inside must be bad indeed if it's on the footing of your out." — Mrs. Badger

"Sorry, partner, that you're not picking up faster, but your soul's too large for your body, sir; that's where it is." — Silas Wegg



"You are troubled with remorse until the last act, then you make up your mind to destroy yourself. But just as you are raising the pistol to your head, a clock strikes ten. . . . You pause. You recollect to have heard a clock strike ten in your infancy. The pistol falls from your hand — you are overcome — you burst into tears, and become a virtuous and exemplary character forever afterwards." — Nicholas Nickleby



"'Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir, Oliver Twist has asked for more!'"

"There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"'For more! Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?'"

"'He did, sir.'"

"'That boy will be hung! I know that boy will be hung!'" — From Oliver Twist

January

15

"My name's Jack Bunsby! And what I says I stands to. Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then."

— Captain Bunsby

16

"Tuesday. D. weak and nervous. Beautiful in pallor. (Do we not remark this in moon likewise? J. M.) D., J. M., and J. took airing in carriage. J. looking out of window and barking violently at dustman, occasioned smile to overspread features of D. (Of such slight links is chain of life composed! J. M.)."

— Julia Mills

17

"Wednesday. D. comparatively cheerful. Sang to her as congenial melody, Evening Bells. Effect not soothing but reverse. D. inexpressibly affected. Instead, recited verses about self and young gazelle. Ineffectually. Also referred to Patience on Monument. (Qy. Why on monument? J. M.)."

— Julia Mills

18

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am, I mean to say this, ma'am,— that any cat, or kitten, that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be an ass, ma'am."

— Mr. Bumble

"Copperfield, you are a true friend; but when the worst comes to the worst no man is without a friend who is possessed of shaving materials." — Mr. Micawber

January



“Within the first week of my passion I bought four sumptuous waistcoats and took to wearing straw-colored kid gloves in the streets, and laid the foundations of all the corns I have ever had. If the boots I wore at that period could only be produced and compared with the natural size of my feet, they would show what the state of my heart was in a most affecting manner.”

— David Copperfield



“Put me in the dock anywhere — I don’t care where — and I says, ‘My Lord, I am an honest man.’ Put me in the witness-box anywhere — I don’t care where — and I says the same to his lordship, and I kisses the book. I don’t kiss my coat-cuff. I kisses the book.”

— Rogue Riderhood



“‘Was you thinking at all of poetry?’”

“‘Would it come dearer?’

“‘It would come dearer; for when a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it’s but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on the mind.’”

— Silas Wegg



“Samivel Veller, sir, has conferred upon me the ancient title of grandfather vich had long laid dormouse and was supposed to be nearly hextingt in our family.”

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

January

23

"There are some low minds (not many, I am happy to believe, but that are *some*) that would prefer to do what I should call bow down before idols. Positively idols; before services, intellects and so on. But these are intangible points. Blood is not so. We see blood in a nose and we know it. We meet with it in a chin and we say, 'There it is! That's blood!'"

— Mrs. Henry Spiker

24

"His manner was so bland. . . . though he had merely said, 'A verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person, my good friend,' or 'Eight times eight are sixty-four, my worthy soul,' anyone must have felt deeply grateful to him for his humanity and wisdom."

— Of Mr. Pecksniff

25

"The very first time I saw that admirable woman, Johnson, she stood upon her head on the butt end of a spear, surrounded with blazing fireworks."

"You astonish me!"

"She astonished me! Such grace, coupled with such dignity! I adored her from that moment."

— Vincent Crummles

26

"Mr. Micawber's difficulties are almost overwhelming just at present, and whether it's possible to bring him through them, I don't know. When I lived at home with papa and mamma, I really should have hardly

January

understood what the word meant, in the sense in which I now employ it; but 'Experientia does it,' as papa used to say."
— Mrs. Micawber



"My own, I sez, has fallen out of three-pair backs and had damp doorsteps settle on their lungs and one was turned up smiling in a bedstead, unbeknown. Therefore, ma'am, I sez, seek not to proticipate, but take 'em as they come and as they go. Mine is all gone, and as to husbands, there's a wooden leg gone likewise home to its account, which in its constancy of walking into wine-vaults, and never comin' out again till fetched by force, was quite as weak as flesh, if not weaker."
— Mrs. Gamp



"But do I see afore me him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I?—May I?"
— Mr. Pumblechook



"He often informed Mrs. Todgers that the sun had set upon him; that the billows had rolled over him; that the car of Juggernaut had crushed him; and also that the deadly Upas tree had blighted him."
— Augustus Moddle



"It's difficult to impart the receipt for punch, because however particular you may be in allotting your materials, so much will still depend upon the individual gifts, and there being a feeling thrown into it. But the groundwork is gin."
— Mr. Venus



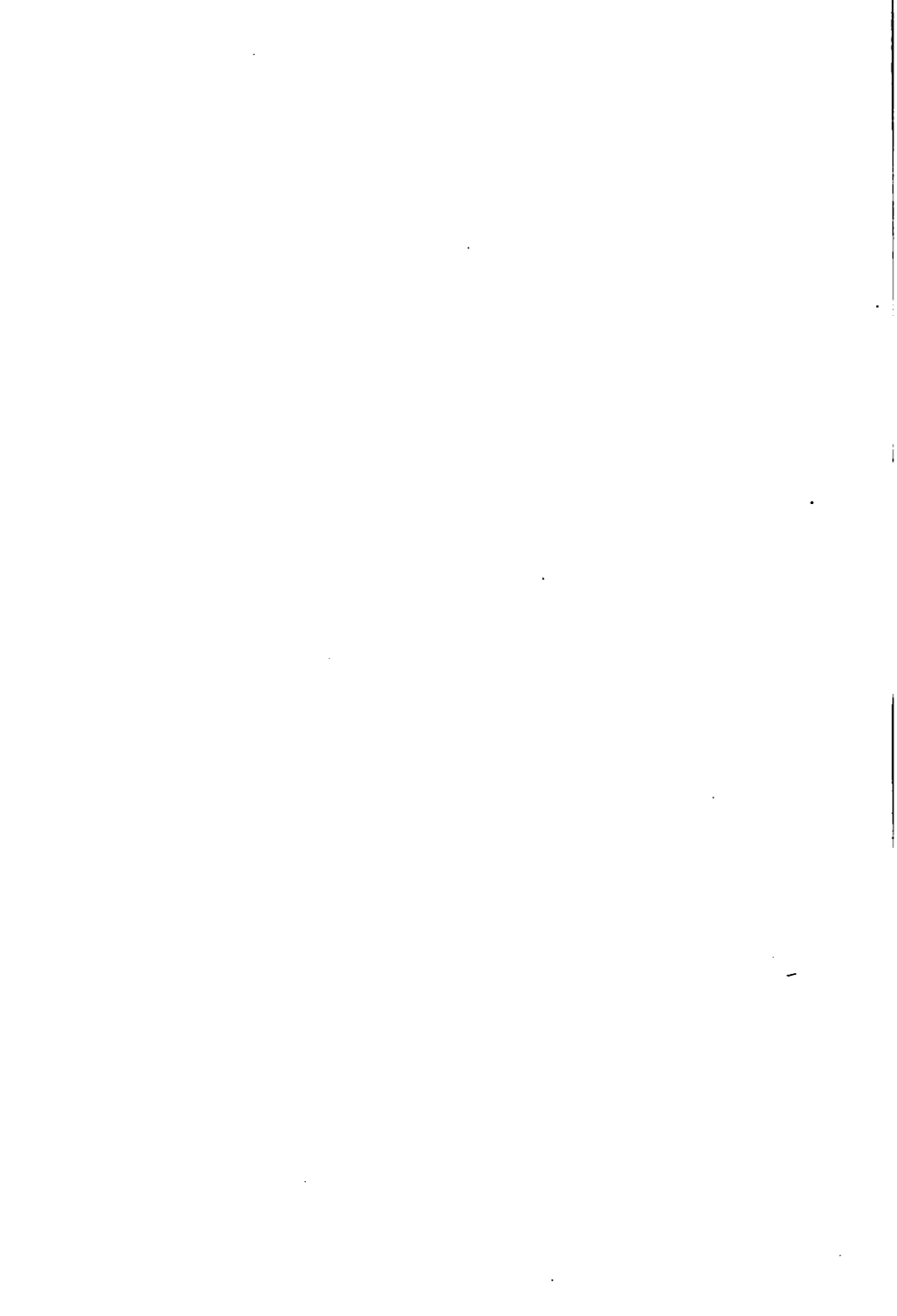
"No malice to dread, sir,
And I forgot what to cheer.
But truth to delight me
And I forget what to cheer.
Li toddle de om dee,
And something to guide,
My ain fireside, sir,
My ain fireside."

— Silas Wegg

February

I HAVE always had and always shall have an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment.

—Charles Dickens



February

1

"Any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness." — C. D.

2

"Captain Swosser always used to say of me that I was better than land ahead and a breeze astern to the mid-shipment's mess, when the purser's junk had become as tough as the foretopsel weatherings."

— Mrs. Badger

3

"Shakespeare dramatized stories which had previously appeared in print, it is true."

"Meaning Bill, sir? So he did. Bill was an adapter certainly, so he was; and very well he adapted, too, considering."

— Mr. Timberry

4

"If ever man combined within himself all the mild qualities of the lamb with a considerable touch of the dove and not a dash of the crocodile or the least possible suggestion of the very mildest seasoning of the serpent, that man was he."

— Of Mr. Pecksniff

5

"I've only got to say this here," said Sam, stopping short, 'that if I was the proprietor o' the Markis o' Granby, and that 'ere Stiggins came and made toast in my bar, I'd —'

February

“‘What?’ interposed Mr. Weller, with great anxiety, ‘What?’

“‘Pison his rum and water,’ said Sam.

“‘No!’ said Mr. Weller, shaking his son eagerly by the hand, ‘would you raly, Sammy; would you, though?’

“‘I would,’ said Sam. ‘I would n’t be too hard on him at first. I’d drop him in the water butt, and put the lid on and, if I found him insensible to kindness, I’d try the other persvation.’” — The Wellers



“Vich is your particular wanity? Vich wanity do you like the flavor on best?” — Sam Weller

“Betsy! Drink fair, wotever you do!” — Mrs. Gamp



“How I envy you your constitution! You are ready at all times to go anywhere and do anything! Such is Will! I have no Will at all — and no Won’t; — simply Can’t.” — Harold Skimpole



“Mr. Tibbs was to his wife what the o is in go: he was of some importance *with* her; he was nothing without her. Mrs. T. was always talking. Mr. T. rarely spoke; but if it were at any time possible to put in a word, he should have said nothing at all; he had that talent.” — Sketches by Boz



“I have seen him again and again; his spoon a perfect fixture in his mouth, looking at your sister. I have seen

February

him standing in a corner of the drawing-room gazing at her in such a melancholy state that he was more like a pump than a man and might have drawn tears."

— Mrs. Todgers

10

"They're always at it. And as for Marseilles, we know what Marseilles is. It sent the most insurrectionary tune into the world that ever was composed. It could n't exist without allonging and marchonging to victory or death or blazes or somewhere."

— Mr. Meagles

11

"Marsh . . . seated in an arm-chair . . . incessantly crying out, 'I am dead.' To which the women servants said, with great pathos (and some appearance of reason), 'No, you ain't, Marsh.' To which he persisted in replying, 'Yes, I am; I'm dead.' Some neighboring vagabond was impressed to fetch the Doctor, who said (the patient and his consolors being anxious that the heart should be the scene of affliction), 'stomach.'"

— Letters

12

"So she makes all the apple pasties and does all the cooking, does she? . . . Perhaps you might be writing to her?"

"I shall certainly write to her."

"Ah. Well, if you was writing to her, perhaps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willing, would you?"

"Is that all the message?"

"Ye-es — Barkis is willing."

— Mr. Barkis and David Copperfield

February



"My dear Peggotty:—I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to mamma. Yours affectionately. P. S. He says he particularly wants you to know—*Barkis is willing.*" — David Copperfield



"Lovely creetur:—I feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in addressin' of you, for you are a nice girl, and nothing but it. Afore I see you I thought all women was alike. But now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink'red'lous turnip I must 'a been; for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothing at all. So I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel machine, altho' it does finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.

"Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your walentine and think over what I have said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude." — Sam Weller



"Do you like the name of Nicodemus?"

"It is not, sir, a name as I could wish anyone I had respect for to call me by. But there may be persons that would not view it with the same objections."

"What's your name?"

February

“ ‘ Silas Wegg. I don't know why Silas, and I don't know why Wegg.’ ” — Mr. Boffin and Silas Wegg

16

“ Did its mothers make it up a beds then? And did its hair grow brown and curly, when its caps was lifted off and frighten it a precious pets a-sitting by the fire? ” — Tillie Slowboy

17

“ My feelings will not consent to be smothered like the young children in the tower. The more I press the bolster the more they look round the corner of it.” — Mr. Pecksniff

18

“ Four Somethingean singers ranged themselves in front of a small apple-tree to look picturesque and commenced singing their national songs, which appeared by no means difficult of execution, inasmuch as the grand secret seemed to be that three of the Somethingean singers should grunt while the fourth howled.” — From Pickwick Papers

19

“ Mrs. Crupp had indignantly assured him that there was n't room to swing a cat there; but as he justly observed to me, ‘ You know, Trotwood, I don't want to swing a cat. I never do swing a cat. Therefore what does that signify to me? ’ ” — Mr. Dick

20

“ You're a brimstone Idiot. You're a scorpion—a brimstone scorpion! You're a sweltering toad.

February

You're a chattering, clattering broomstick witch that ought to be burned."
—Grandfather Smallweed

21

"‘I don't believe there's no sich a person!'

"‘What! you bage creetur, have I knowed Mrs. Harris five and thirty years, to be told at last that there ain't no sech a person living? Have I stood her friend in all her troubles great and small to come at last to sech a end as this, which her own sweet picter hanging up afore you all the time, to shame your Bragian words! But well you may n't believe there's no sech a creetur, for she would n't demean herself to look at you; and often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which to my sinful sorrow I have done, 'What, Sairey Gamp! Debage yourself to her!'"
—Mrs. Gamp

22

"‘Bought him at a sale. Eight wollumes. Red and gold. Purple ribbon in every wollume to keep the place where you leave off. Do you know him?'

"‘The book's name, sir?'

"‘I thought you might have knowed him without it. His name is Decline-and-Fall-off the Rooshian Empire.'"
—Mr. Boffin

23

"My friends, what is this which we behold as being spread before us? Refreshment. Do we need refreshment, then, my friends? We do. And why do we need refreshment, my friends? Because we are but mortal, because we are but sinful, because we are but

February

of the earth, because we are not of the air. Can we fly, my friends? We can not." — Mr. Chadband

24

" 'Very pleasant premises.'

" 'Pardon me. It is the abode of conscious though independent poverty.' " — Mrs. Wilfer

" 'You are master here, R. W., it is as you think, not as I do.' " — The Same

25

" 'I have no doubt you know already not only because I have thrown it out in a general way but because I feel I carry it stamped in burning what's-his-names upon my brow that before I was introduced to the late Mr. F. I had been engaged to Arthur Clennam — Mr. Clennam in public where reserve is necessary. Arthur here. — Flora Finching

26

" 'Dear boy and Pip's comrade, I'm not a-going for to tell you my life, like a song or a story book. But to give it to you short and handy I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English: In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There you've got it; that's my life.' " — Magwitch

27

" 'Well,' said Sam, 'he's in a horrid state o' love; reg'larly comfoozled, and done over with it. Here's Mr. Vinkle reg'larly sewed up with desperation, Miss.'

" 'Ah!' said Arabella, drawing nearer the wall.

February

“‘Ah, indeed,’ said Sam. ‘Ve thought ve should ha’ been obliged to strait-veakit him last night; he’s been a-ravin’ all day; and he says if he can’t see you afore tomorrow night’s over, he vishes he may be somethin’ unpleasant if he don’t drownd hisself.’”

— Sam Weller



“And with regard to being spruce, that’s where the aggravation of it is. Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he’s well-dressed. There ain’t much credit in that. If I was very ragged and very jolly then I should begin to feel I had gained a point.”

— Mark Tapley



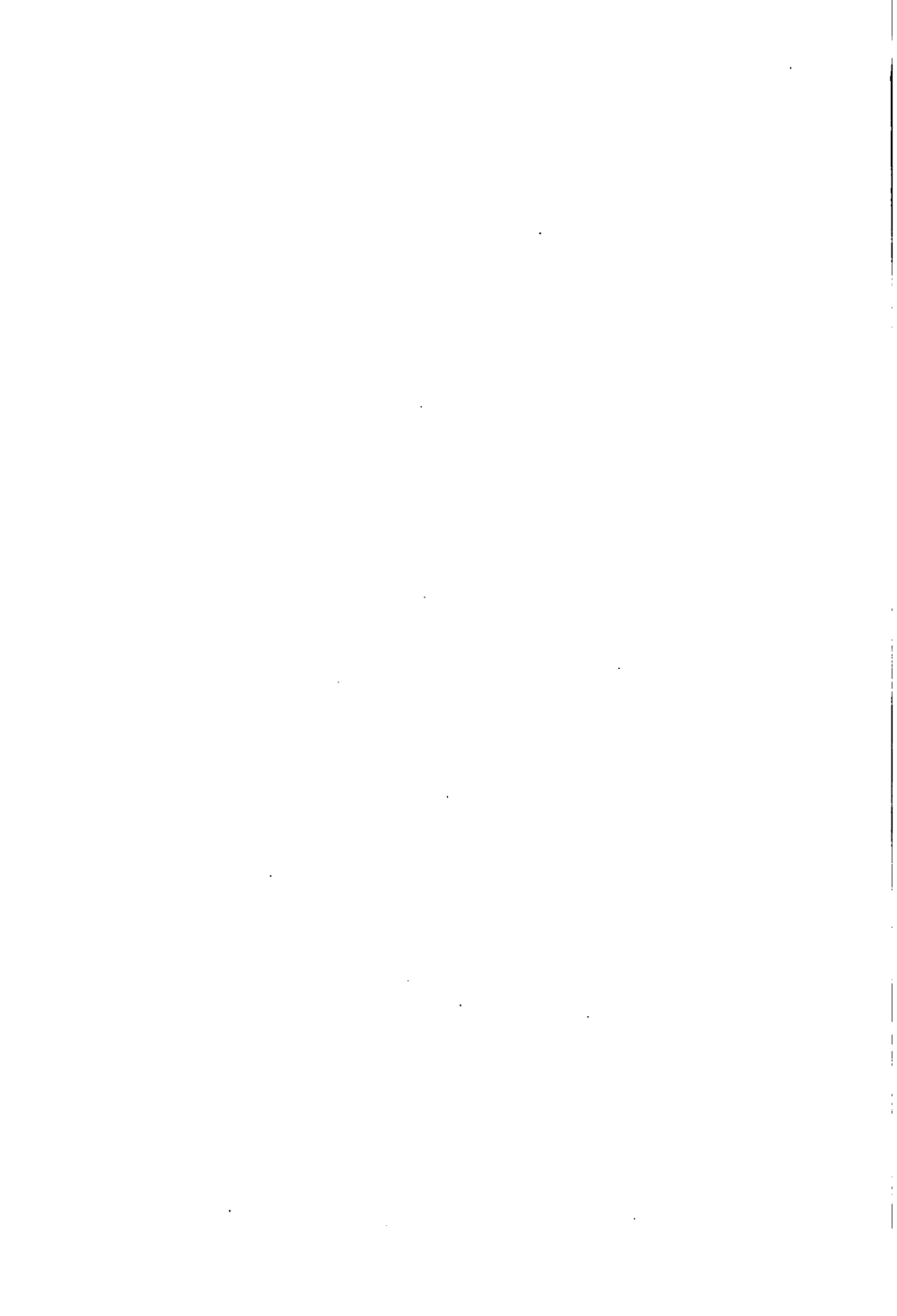
“The chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honorable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense.

“Mr. B. had no hesitation in saying that he had not. He had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear!) He entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman and merely considered him a humbug in the Pickwickian point of view.”

— From Pickwick Papers

Mr.
MICAWBER





March

CHARLES DICKENS—the philanthropist who has conferred the greatest happiness on the greatest number.

—Thurlow Weed

March

1

"Her Bible was bound, like her own construction of it, in the hardest, barest and straitest boards, with one dinted ornament on the cover like the drag of a chain, and a sprinkling of red upon the edges of the leaves — as if it, of all books! were a fortification against sweetness of temper, natural affection and gentle intercourse."

Mrs. Clennam

2

"Well, be it so, or be it son't, you must be a common scholar afore you can be a uncommon one. The king upon his throne, with his crown upon his head, can't sit and write his Acts of Parliament in print, without having begun, when he were a unpromoted prince, with the alphabet — begun at A too, and worked his way to Z."

— Joe Gargery

3

"'It's the seasoning as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals' pointing to a nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beefsteak, weal or kidney, according to the demand. And more than that, I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mutton at a minute's notice as the market changes and tastes wary.'"

— Sam Weller

4

"Captain Cuttle is my name and England is my nation. This here is my dwelling-place and blessed be creation:— Job."

— Captain Cuttle

March

"It is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth — for fear of accidents — and while the fork is reserved for that use, it is not put farther in than necessary. Also, the spoon is not generally used overhand but under. This has two advantages: you get at your mouth better (which, after all, is the object) and you save a good deal of the attitude of opening oysters on the part of the right elbow." — Herbert Pocket

"If at the sacrifice of all my property I could get transmigrated into Miss Dombey's dog, I — I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail! Mine ain't a selfish affection, you know, it's the sort of thing with me that if I could be run over — or trampled upon — or — or thrown off a very high place — or anything of that sort, for her sake, it would be the most delightful thing that could happen to me." — Mr. Toots

"'Wot does he mean by the soft sex, Sammy?'

"'The womin.'

"'He ain't far out there, Sammy. They *must* be a soft sex if they let themselves be gammoned by such fellers as him — a verry soft sex indeed.'

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

"Ever the best of friends, ain't us, Pip? Well, then, that's all right. That's agreed upon. Why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwixt two sech must be

March

forever onnecessary? 'I nere 's enough subjects as be-
twixt two sech, without onnecessary ones."

— Joe Gargery

9

"Now I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me in comparison with which I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. He has a secret way, pecoolier to himself, of getting at a boy's heart and liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide from that young man. I am a keeping him from harming of you now. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off your insides."

— Pip's Convict

10

"He came in here, ordered a glass of this ale — *would* order it — I told him not — drank it, and fell dead. . . . You see our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it 'll hurt me, if I throw my head back and take it off quick. Shall I?"

— The Obliging Waiter in David Copperfield

11

"When a young lady's as mild as she's game and as game as she's mild, that's all I ask and more than I expect. She then becomes a queen, and that's about what you are yourself."

— Inspector Bucket

12

"Was there ever such a Roman as our friend Chiv? Was there ever a man of such purely classical turn of

March

thought, and of such a toga-like simplicity of nature? Might he not, gents both, have sat upon a tripod in the ancient times and prophesied to a perfectly unlimited extent, if previously supplied with gin-and-water at the public cost?"

— Mr. Tigg

13

"Bones warious. Skulls warious. Preserved Indian baby. African ditto. Bottled preparations warious. What's in them hampers? I don't quite remember. Say human warious. Cats. Articulated English baby. Dogs. Glass eyes, warious. Ducks. Mummied birds. Cuticle warious."

— Mr. Venus

14

"Mrs. Harris, I sez to her, don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my fellow-creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears 'em. But what I always sez to them as has the management of matters, be they gents or be they ladies, is, don't ask me whether I won't take none or whether I will, but have the bottle on the chimbley-piece and let me put my flps to it when I am so disposed."

— Mrs. Gamp

15

"Ho, yes! My only becoming occupations is to help young flaunting pagins to brush and comb and titiwate themselves into whitening sepulchres and leave the young men to think there ain't a bit o' padding in it, nor pinchings-in, nor fillings-out, nor pomatums, nor deceits nor earthly wanities, ain't it, Miss?"

— Miss Miggs

March

— 16 —

“I am well aware that I am the umblest person going, let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise umble. We live in a umble abode, but we have much to be thankful for. My father’s former calling was umble; he was a sexton. Umble we are, umble we have been, and umble we shall ever be. We know our station and are thankful in it.” — Uriah Heep

— 17 —

“A pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of 30 with big, dark eyes that wholly wanted luster, and a dissatisfied, doughy complexion, that seemed to ask to be sent to the baker’s.” — Of Bazzard

“He has such an obvious disposition to pimples, that the bright spots on his cravat, the rich pattern on his waistcoat, and even his glittering trinkets, seemed to have broken out upon him, and not to have come into existence comfortably.” — Of George Chuzzlewit

“If he were really not in the habit of drinking more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his face for libel and have recovered heavy damages.” — Of Fang

— 18 —

“‘I don’t care whether it’s unsportsmanlike or not, I’m not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow for the sake of appearances to please anybody.’” — Mr. Pickwick

March



"He's a-breaking his heart for her and I would wish to take the liberty to ask how it's to be made good to his parents when bust? He played with her as a child when in that yard a child she played. . . . She answered, 'No, John, I can not have you. . . . It is my intentions to be always a sacrifice.' This is the way in which she is doomed to be a constant slave to them that are not worthy that a constant slave she unto them should be."

— Mrs. Chivery



"Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log
Expiring frog!

"Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild hallo, and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog!"

— Mrs. Leo Hunter



"Head, poetry — chapter, literary friends — name, Snowgrass; ver good. Introduction to Snowgrass — great poet — friend of Peek Weeks — other sweet poem — what is that name? — Fog-Perspiring Fog — ver good — ver good indeed."

— Count Smorltork

March

22

“ ‘Dear Mrs. B. — Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.’ Gentlemen, what does this mean? ‘Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick.’ Chops! Gracious Heavens! And tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?’ ”

— Sergeant Buzfuz

23

“ ‘If the law supposes that, the law is an ass, — an idiot. If that’s the eye of the law, the law’s a bachelor.’ ”

— Mr. Bumble

24

“ ‘Would have sent the stockings as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead, and hopes Graymarsh will put his trust in providence. Hopes that he will study in everything to please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends; and will not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should.’ ” — Graymarsh’s Maternal Aunt

25

“ ‘In came Dumps, feeling about as much out of place as a salmon might be supposed to be on a gravel walk. ‘The baby? Decidedly not like you! Oh, certainly not. . . . I’m no judge, of course, in such cases; but I really think he’s more like one of those little carved representations that one sees blowing a trumpet on a tombstone.’ ”

— Mr. Dumps

March

26

“ ‘Emma!’ said Mr. Micawber, ‘the cloud is passed from my mind. Mutual confidence, so long preserved between us, is restored to know no further interruption. Now, welcome poverty,’ cried Mr. Micawber, shedding tears, ‘welcome misery, welcome homelessness, welcome hunger, rags, tempest and beggary. Mutual confidence will sustain us to the end.’ ”

— Mr. Micawber

27

“Henrietta informs Thomas that my eyes are open to you. I must ever wish you well, but walking and us is separated by an unfarmable abyss. One so malignant to superiority — Oh, that look at him! Can never conduct.

“ P. S. To the altar.”

— Henrietta

28

“Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old, sit under the shade of it. Overhaul the — well, I ain’t quite certain where that’s to be found, but when found make a note of.” — Captain Cuttle

29

“My information (extra syllable for the sake of emphasis) my information were my own experience, which is usually considered to be good guidance. But whether so or not, I was put in youth to a very genteel boarding-school and a poorness of blood flowed from the table which has run through all my life.”

Mrs. Billickin

March

30

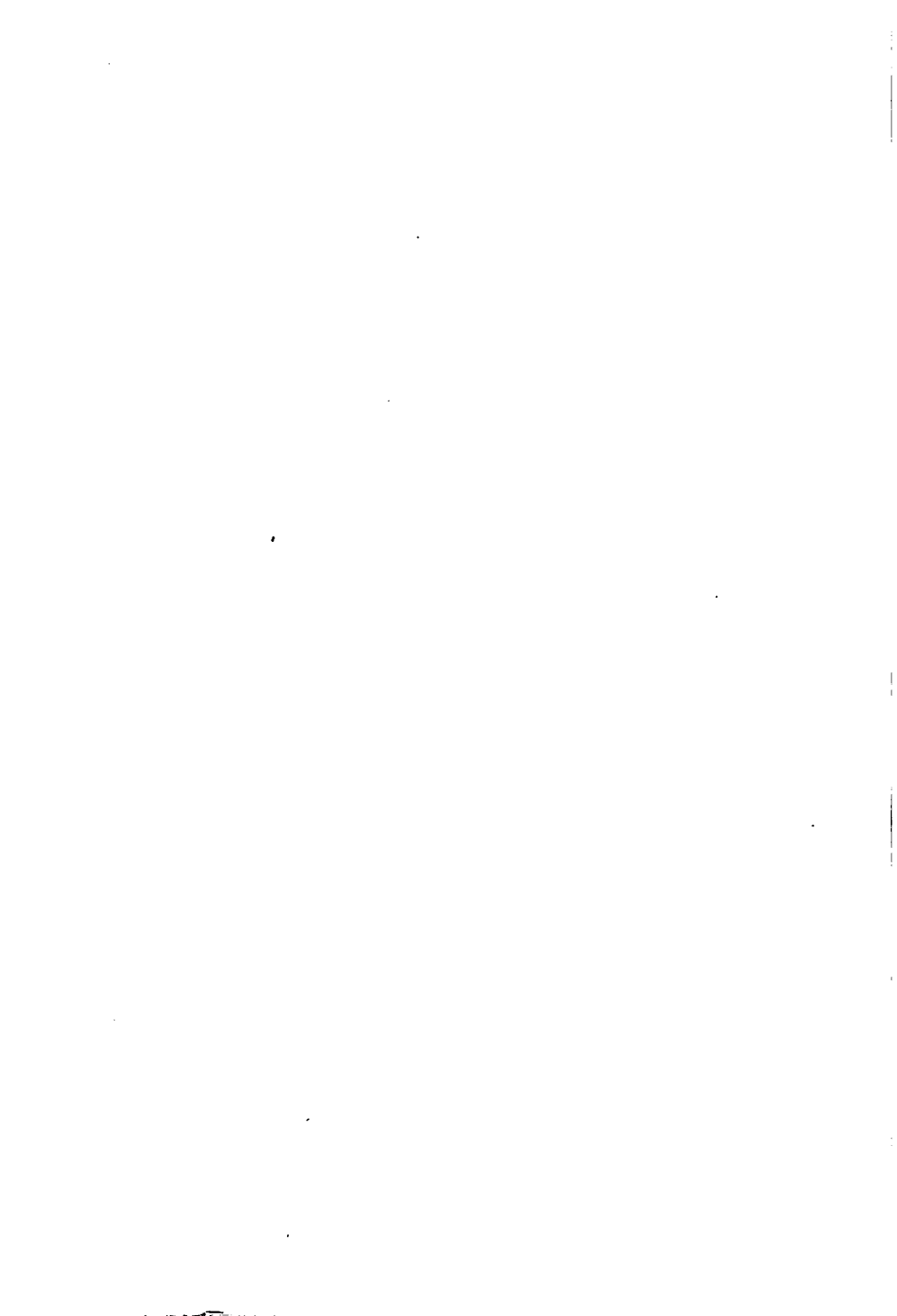
“When you’re a married man, Samivel, you’ll understand a good many things as you don’t now; but vether it’s worth while going through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter of taste.”

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

31

“The gushing fountains which sparkle in the sun must not be stopped in mere caprice. The Oasis in the Desert of Sahara must not be plucked up idly.”

— Julia Mills



April

THE day he penned his first book he made his country happier, he made it younger, he made it better. Today we reward him with abiding affection, given him from a multitude of grateful hearts.

— The London Times

April

1

✠
B I L S T
U M
P S H I
S. M.
A R K

— Mr. Pickwick's Antiquarian Discovery

2

"Then idiots talk of Energy. If there is a word in the dictionary under any letter from A to Z that I abominate it is Energy. It is such a conventional superstition, such parrot gabble." — Eugene Wrayburn

3

"If ever an Alphonse carried plain Bill in his face and figure, that page was the boy."

— Of Mrs. Wititterly's page

"I never see any difference in boys. I only know two sorts of boys — mealy boys and beef-faced boys."

— Mr. Grimwig

"He's enough to break his mother's heart, is this boy! I wish I had never brought him up. He'd be sharper than a serpent's tooth if he was n't as dull as ditch-water."

— Jenny Wren

4

"'You are quite a philosopher, Sam,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'It runs in the family, I believe, sir,' replied Mr. Weller. 'My father's werry much in that line

April

now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. If she flies in a passion and breaks his pipe, he steps out and gets another. Then she screams werry loud and falls in 'sterics and he smokes werry comfortably till she comes to again. That 's philosophy, ain't it?' 'A very good substitute for it, at all events,' said Mr. Pickwick."

— Sam Weller



"He had heerd it given for a truth that accordin' as the world went round, which round it did revolve undoubted, even the best of gentlemen must take his turn of standing with his head upside down and his air flying the wrong way into what you might call Space. Wery well, then. . . . That gentleman's ed would come up'ards when his turn come, that gentleman's air would be a pleasure to look upon being all smooth again."

— Mr. Plornish



"'My dear Doctor,' said I, 'what is my wife's complaint? Tell me all. I can bear it. Is it nerves?' 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'be proud of that woman—make much of her; she is an ornament to the fashionable world and to you. Her complaint is soul.'"

— Mr. Wititterly



"Mr. Squeers had but one eye and the popular prejudice runs in favor of two. And when he smiled his expression bordered closely on the villainous."

— From Nicholas Nickleby

8

“What are you up to, Aggerawayter? . . . Saying your prayers! You’re a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me? . . . You *weren’t* praying for me! And if you were I won’t be took the liberty with.”

— Mr. Cruncher at home

9

“‘I go so far as to say, Miss, moreover,’ proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit — ‘and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself — that wot my opinion respectin’ flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart is as Mrs. Cruncher may be flopping at the present time.’”

— Mr. Cruncher in Paris

10

“Sir: — My pa requests me to write to you, the doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recuver the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen. We are in a state of mind beyond everything and my pa is one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steepled in his Goar. We were kimpelled to carry him to the kitchen where he now lays. You will judge from this that he has been brought very low.”

— Fanny Squeers to Ralph Nickleby

11

“When your newew that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my pa and jumped upon his body

April

with his feet and also langwedge which I will not pollewt my pen with describing, he assaulted my ma with dreadful violence, dashed her to the earth, and drove her back comb several inches into her head. A very little more and it must have entered her skull. We have a medical certifiket that if it had the torter-shell would have affected the brain." — The Same



"Me and my brother were then the victims of his feury since which we have suffered very much which leads us to the arrowing belief that we have received some injuries in our insides especially as no marks of violence are visible externally. I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention and I hope will excuse mistakes." — The Same



"The monster having sasiated his thirst for blood ran away, taking with him a boy of desperate carактер that he had excited to rebellyon, and a garnet ring belonging to my ma, and not having been apprehended by the constables is supposed to have been took up by some stage-coach." — The Same



"My pa begs that if he comes to you the ring may be returned, and let the thief and assassin go, as if we have him prosecuted he would only be transported, and if he is let go he is sure to be hung before long which

April

will save us trouble and be much more satisfactory.
Hoping to hear from you when convenient,

"I remain yours and cetrer

"Fanny Squeers.

"P. S. I pity his ignorance and despise him."

— The Same

15

"Mr. Wegg, if you was brought here loose in a bag to be articulated, I'd name your smallest bones, blindfold, equally with your largest, and I'd sort 'em all and sort all your wertabrae in a manner that would equally surprise and charm you." — Mr. Venus

16

"'Don't use your temper as well as your money,' says Mr. George, calmly knocking the ashes out of his pipe. 'Do you know what that tune is, Mr. Smallweed?' he adds, after breaking off to whistle one, accompanied on the table with an empty pipe. 'Tune?' replied the old man. 'No, we never have no tunes here.' 'That's the Dead March in Saul. They bury soldiers to it; so it's the natural end of the subject. Good evening, Mr. Smallweed.'" — Mr. George

17

"He is, without exception, the highest-minded, the most independent-spirited, most original, spiritual, classical, talented, and most thoroughly Shakespearian, if not Miltonic, and at the same time the most disgustingly unappreciated dog I know." — Mr. Tigg

April

18

"Miss P. sat upon a stool because she was all girlishness and playfulness and wildness and kittenish buoyancy. Miss P. sat upon a stool because of her simplicity and innocence which were very great — very great."

— Of Miss Pecksniff

19

"Under the impression that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the modern Babylon — in short, that you might lose yourself — I shall be happy to call this evening and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way."

— Mr. Micawber

20

"I never wanted two or three words in my life that I didn't know where to lay my hand upon 'em. It comes of not wasting language as some do."

— Captain Cuttle

21

"He made a fortunate discovery of a means of entertaining himself and dividing the long day into stages without neglecting business. . . . Before daylight in the winter time he went to and fro in his little oilskin cap and cape, piercing the heavy air with his cry of 'Morning paper' which, about an hour before noon, changed to 'Morning pepper,' which, at about two, changed to 'Morning pippet' which, in a couple of hours, changed to 'Morning popper' and so, declined with the sun into 'Evening pupper.'"

—Adolphus Tetterby

April

— **22** —

“Will she call me ‘sir’? Me, who dote upon her with the demdest ardor. She who coils her fascinations round me like a pure and angelic rattlesnake? It will be all up with my feelings. She will throw me into a demd state.”
— Mr. Mantalini

— **23** —

“Some people may be Rooshians and others may be Prooshians. They are born so, and will please themselves. Them as is of other naturs thinks different.”
— Mrs. Gamp

— **24** —

“‘Yes, I have a pair of eyes,’ replied Sam, ‘and that’s just it. If they wos a pair of patent double million magnifyin’ gas microscopes of hextra power, p’raps I might be able to see through a flight o’ stairs and a deal door; but bein’ only eyes, you see, my vision is limited.’”
— Sam Weller

— **25** —

“Every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.”
— C. D.
“I hope they will bless their own good fortune, which has born them superior to common people’s children.”
— Mrs. Kenwigs

— **26** —

“Werry glad to see you, indeed, and hope our acquaint-
ance may be a long ‘un, as the gen’l’m’n said to the
fi’ pun’ note.”
— Sam Weller

April



"There's small glasses on the shelf. Give me the one without a foot. I gets my living by the sweat of my brow, and it's good enough for me!"

— Rogue Riderhood



"'George,' said Mr. Bagnet, 'You know me. It's my old girl that advises. She has the head. But I never own it to her before her. Discipline must be maintained. Whatever the old girl says do—do it.' 'She is a treasure!' exclaimed Mr. George. 'She's more, but I never own it before her. Discipline must be maintained.'"

— Mr. Bagnet



"His family was as old as the hills and infinitely more respectable. . . . He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks."

— Of Sir Leicester



"'I'll put my hand in no man's hand,' said Mr. Micawber, puffing and sobbing, to that degree that he was like a man fighting with cold water, 'until I have—blown into fragments—the—a—detestable—serpent—HEEP! I'll partake of no one's hospitality until I have—a—moved Mount Vesuvius—to—eruption—on—a—the abandoned rascal—HEEP! Refreshment—a—underneath this roof—particularly punch—would—a choke me—unless—I had—previously—choked the eyes—out of the head of

April

— interminable cheat and liar — HEEP! I — a — I'll
know nobody and — a — say nothing — and — a —
live nowhere — until I have crushed — to — a — un-
discoverable atoms — the — transcendent and immor-
tal hypocrite and purjurer HEEP! ' ”

— Mr. Micawber

SAM WELLER



May

EVERY page a clean page, every line a help to right living, right feeling and right thinking; and all with a joyous spontaneity that will hold the love of millions yet unborn. —F. Hopkinson Smith



May

1

“The First of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, calling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant and beautiful in Nature, in her most delightful form. What man is there, over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence — carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently-waving trees where the birds sang as he has never heard them since — where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now, in all his ramblings — where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly — where the air blew more freshly over greener grass, and sweeter-smelling flowers — where everything wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart!”

— Sketches by Boz

2

“Whoever would begin to be worried with letting lodgings that was n't a lone woman with a living to get is a thing inconceivable to me, my dear; excuse the familiarity, but it comes natural to me in my own little room, when wishing to open my mind to them that I can trust and I should be truly thankful if they were all mankind, but such is not so, for to have but a furnished bill in the window and your watch on the mantelpiece, and farewell to it if you turn your back for but a second. However gentlemanly the manners;

May

nor is being of your own sex any safeguard as I have reason, in the form of sugar-tongs, to know."

— Mrs. Lirriper

3

"I have been suffering myself from another kind of malady, a severe, spasmodic house-buying-and-repairing attack which has left me extremely weak, and all but exhausted. The seat of this disorder has been the pocket."

— Letters

"Coals, candles and house-rent free! Oh, Mrs. Corney, what an angel you are!"

— Mr. Bumble

4

"Why, you don't mean to say that there was no black welwet co—ch? At least there was dogs? Come! If there were n't no weal cutlets, at least there was dogs? A dog? A puppy? Come!"

Joe Gargery

5

"I'll tell you what, young fellow, I did n't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. People are put in the Hulks because they murder and rob and forge and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions. Now you get along to bed."

— Mrs. Joe Gargery

6

"Fashions are like human beings. They come in, nobody knows when, why, or how; and they go out, nobody knows when, why, or how. Everything is like life, in my opinion, if you look at it in that point of view."

— Mr. Omer

May

7

"The people are frightfully civil and grotesquely extortionate. One man (with a house to let) told me that he loved the Duke of Wellington like a brother. The same gentleman wanted to hug me round the neck with one hand and pick my pocket with the other."

— Letters

8

"Betsy Prig, try the cowcubmers. God bless you! Sairey, sez Mrs. Harris, sech is life. Vich likewise is the hend of all things."

— Mrs. Gamp

9

"We have left unmet people whom we ought to have met, and we have met the people whom we ought not to have met, and there seems to be no help in us."

— C. D.

10

"In a commercial establishment where any gentleman may say, any Saturday evening, 'Mrs. Todgers, this day week we part in consequence of the cheese,' it is not easy to preserve a pleasant understanding."

— Mrs. Todgers

11

"It is nothing to say that he had n't a word to throw at a dog. He could n't have *thrown* a word at a mad dog. He might have offered him one gently, or a half a one, or a fragment of one — for he spoke as slowly as he walked; but he would n't have been rude with him and he could n't have been quick with him for any earthly consideration."

— Of Mr. Chillip

May



“John Edward Nandy, sir, while there's a ounce of wit-
tle or drink of any sort in this present roof, you're
fully welcome to your share on it. While there's a
handful of fire, or a mouthful of bed in this present
roof, you are fully welcome to a share on it. If so be
as there should be nothing in this present roof, you
should be as welcome to your share on it as if it was
something much or little. And this is what I mean
and so I don't deceive you and consequently which
is to stand out is to entreat of you and therefore why
not do it?”

— Mr. Plornish



“That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just
risen, and begun to strike a light on the morning of
the thirteenth of May, when Mr. Samuel Pickwick
burst like another sun from his slumbers, threw open
his chamber window, and looked out upon the world
beneath. Goswell street was at his feet, Goswell street
was on his right hand — as far as the eye could reach.
Goswell street extended on his left; and the opposite
side of Goswell street was over the way. ‘Such,’
thought Mr. Pickwick, ‘are the narrow views of those
philosophers who, content with examining the things
that lie before them, look not to the truths which are
hidden beyond. Cab!’ cried Mr. Pickwick, ‘Golden
Cross.’”

— From Pickwick Papers



“He cannot have too little to do with people who are too
deep for him, and cannot be too careful of interference

May

with matters he does not understand; the plain rule is to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing under-handed or mysterious, and never to put his foot where he cannot see the ground."

—Mrs. Bagnet's advice



" "Is she dead, Joe?"

" "Why, you see, old chap, I would n't go so far as to say that, for that's a deal to say; but she ain't —"

" "Living, Joe?"

" "That's nigher where it is. She ain't living."

— Joe Gargery



" "Circumscribed, that's it."

" "That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy."

" "Think not?"

" "Nothin' like it."

" "But don't you think it means more?"

" "Well, p'raps it is a more tender word. Go on, Sammy."

— The Wellers



" "That, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Jarley, 'is Jasper Packlemerton of atrocious memory, who courted and married fourteen wives, and destroyed them all by tickling the soles of their feet when they were sleeping in the consciousness of innocence and virtue. On being brought to the scaffold and asked if he were sorry for what he had done, he replied yes, he was sorry for having let 'em off so easy, and hoped all Christian husbands would pardon him the offense. Let this be a warning to all young ladies to be par-

May

ticular in the character of the gentlemen of their choice. Observe that his fingers are curled as if in the act of tickling, and that his face is represented with a wink, as he appeared when committing his barbarous murders.' ”
— Mrs. Jarley



“There was a Miss Podsnap, and this young rocking-horse was being trained in her mother’s art of prancing in a stately manner without ever getting on.”

— Of Miss Podsnap



“He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions and human feelings, — (cheers) — possibly by human weaknesses — (loud cries of ‘No!’): but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference, effectually quenched it.”
— Mr. Pickwick



“Not quite in a good temper, Tattycoram? Take a little time — count five and twenty.”
— Mr. Meagles



“One Saturday night a little thin old gen’lm’n comes into the shop in a great passion and says, ‘Are you the missis o’ this ’ere shop?’ ‘Yes, I am,’ says she. ‘Well, ma’am,’ says he, ‘then I’ve just looked in to say that me and my family ain’t agoin’ to be choked for nothin’; and more than that, ma’am,’ he says, ‘you will allow me to observe that as you don’t use the primest parts of the meat in the manafacter of sas-

May

sages, I think you'd find beef come nearly as cheap as buttons.' 'As buttons, sir!' says she. 'Buttons, ma'am,' says the little old gen'lm'n, unfolding a little bit of paper and showing twenty or thirty halves o' buttons. 'Nice seasonin' for sassages is trousers' buttons, ma'am.' 'They're my husband's buttons,' cries the widder, beginnin' to think. 'What!' screams the little old gen'lm'n an' turning werry pale. 'I see it all,' says the widder. 'In a fit o' temporary insanity he rashly converted hisself into sassage.' And so he had, sir," said Mr. Weller, looking steadily into Mr. Pickwick's horror-stricken countenance. "The little old gen'lm'n rushed out of the shop in a wild state, and was never heard on arterwards."

— Sam Weller



"I was not sleeping, nor what a person would term correctly dozing. I was more what a person would strictly call watching with my eyes closed."

— Mrs. Tickit

"Begging your pardon, sir, I would skorn the haction. The woices was wery loud, sir, and *forced* themselves upon my ear."

— Mrs. Cluppins



"Mr. Rugg's a red-haired man and gets his hair cut. And as to the crown of his hat, it's high. And as to the brim of his hat, it's narrow. And there's no more benevolence bubbling out of *him* than out of a ninepin."

— Mr. Pancks

May

"Tears never yet wound up a clock nor worked a steam engine."
—Sam Weller

"It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes and softens down the temper. So cry away!"
—Mr. Bumble

"Here's flesh! Here's firmness! Here's solidness! Look at them tears, sir; there's oiliness!"
—Mr. Squeers

"Are tears the dew-drops of the heart? J. M."
—Julia Mills

"'It's a devil of a thing, gentlemen,' said Mr. Swiveller, 'when relations fall out and disagree. If the wing of friendship should never moult a feather, the wing of relationship should never be clipped, but be always expanded and serene. Why should a grandson and grandfather peg away at each other with mutual violence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not jine hands and forgit it?'

"'Hold your tongue,' said his friend."

—Dick Swiveller

"He had proved that, by altering the received mode of punctuation, any one of Shakespeare's plays could be made quite different and the sense completely changed. It is needless to say, therefore, that he was a great critic and a very profound and most original thinker."
—Mr. Curdle

May



— **"A man must take the fat with the lean; that's what he must make his mind up to, in this life."**

— Mr. Omer



— **"May the present moment be the worst of our lives! I like this plan of sending 'em in with the peel on; there's a charm in drawing a potato from its native element (if I may so express it) to which the rich and powerful are strangers."**

— Dick Swiveller



— **"You remember the night I first came here and found you floating your powerful mind in tea? There you sit, in the midst of your works —**

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,

Oh give you your lowly preparations again;

The birds, stuffed so sweetly, that could n't be expected to come at your call,

Give you these with sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.

Be it ever so ghastly, all things considered, there's no place like it!"

— Silas Wegg



— **"He appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who seemed to transact his business by keeping his eye on the coachmaker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his**

May

turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist."

— From Great Expectations



"She calls me cruel — me — me — who for her sake will become a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant *body*! Can I live to be mistrusted? Have I cut my heart into a demd extraordinary number of little pieces and given them all, one after another, to the same little engrossing demnition captivator? And can I be suspected by her? Demmit, no, I can't." — Mr. Mantalini

June

I WOULD rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow-men than I would have heaps and mines of gold.

—Charles Dickens in America

June



“And when Sunday came how differently the day was spent from any way in which he had ever spent it yet, and how happily, too. There was the little church in the morning, with the green leaves fluttering at the windows: the birds singing without, and the sweet smelling air stealing in at the low porch and filling the homely building with its fragrance. The poor people were so neat and clean, and knelt so reverently in prayer, that it seemed a pleasure, not a tedious duty, their assembling there together.”

— From Oliver Twist



“Don Bolaro Fizzgig — Grandee — only daughter — Donna Christina — splendid creature — loved me to distraction — jealous father — high-souled daughter — handsome Englishman — Donna Christina in despair — prussic acid — stomach-pump in my portmanteau — operation performed — old Bolaro in ecstasies — consent to our union — join hands and flood of tears.”

— Mr. Jingle



“If ever you gets to up’ards o’ fifty and feels disposed to go a-marryin’ anybody — no matter who — just you shut yourself in a room, if you’ve got one, and pison yourself offhand. Pison yourself, Samivel, and you ’ll be glad on it arterwards.”

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

June



“‘Licence, sir, licence?’ ‘What’s that?’ ‘Marriage licence.’ ‘Dash my weskit, I never thought of that!’ ‘I think you wants one, sir.’ ‘No, damme, I’m too old, and besides I’m a many sizes too large.’ ‘Not a bit on it, sir. We married a gentleman twice your size last Monday.’ ‘Did you, though?’ ‘To be sure. You’re a babby to him, sir. This way, sir.’”

— Mr. Weller, Sr.



“‘She is come!’ said the old gentleman, laying his hand upon his heart. ‘Cormoran and Blunderbore! She is come! All the wealth I have is hers if she will take me for her slave. Where are grace, beauty and blandishments like those? In the Empress of Madagascar? No. In the Queen of Diamonds? No. In Mrs. Rowland, who every morning bathes in Kalydor for nothing? No. Melt all these down into one, with the three Graces, the nine Muses, and fourteen biscuit-bakers’ daughters from Oxford Street, and make a woman half as lovely. Pho! I defy you.’”

— Mrs. Nickleby’s Suitor



“‘When a man says he is willin’,’ said Mr. Barkis, ‘it’s as much as to say that man’s awaitin’ for a answer.’”

— Mr. Barkis



“‘And a very snug little business you have, no doubt?’ said Mr. Winkle, knowingly.

“‘Very,’ replied Bob Sawyer. ‘So snug, that at

June

the end of a few years you might put all the profits in a wine glass, and cover 'em over with a gooseberry leaf. Hardly anything real in the shop but the leeches, and they are second-hand.'"

— Bob Sawyer

"Come!" said Tim, "let's be a comfortable couple. We shall live in the old house here, where I have been for four and forty year; we shall go to the old church, where I've been every Sunday morning, all through that time; we shall have all my old friends about us — Dick, the archway, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mrs. Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children, that we shall seem like grandfather and grandmother to. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other! And if we should get deaf or lame, or blind or bed-ridden, how glad we shall be that we have somebody we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now, do, my dear!"

— Tim Linkinwater's proposal

"She fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked her to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same under similar circumstances."

— Mrs. Cluppins

10

"We were all in all to one another it was the morning of life it was bliss it was frenzy it was everything

June

else of that sort in the highest degree when rent asunder we turned to stone in which capacity Arthur went to China and I became the statue bride of Mr. F.” — Flora Finching



“When I made my proposal she did me the honor to be so over-shadowed with a species of Awe as to be able to articulate only the two words ‘O, thou!’ meaning myself;—and though encouraged to proceed, she never did proceed a word further.” — Mr. Sapsea



“Papa would remark to me that a family of whales must not ally itself with sprats. . . . I well remember mamma’s clasping her hands and exclaiming, ‘This will end in a little man!’ She afterward went so far as to predict that it would be a little man with a mind below the average, but that was in what I may denominate a paroxysm of maternal disappointment. Within a month I first saw R. W., my husband. Within a year, I married him. It is natural for the mind to recall these dark coincidences on the present day.” — Mrs. Wilfer



“‘I was considered tall; perhaps I was. Papa and mamma were unquestionably tall. I have rarely seen a finer woman than my mother; never than my father.’

“‘Whatever grandpapa was, he was n’t female.’

“‘Your grandpapa was what I describe him to have

June

been and would have struck any of his grandchildren to the earth who presumed to question it.”

— Mrs. Wilfer and Lavinia

“A young gentleman may be over-careful of himself, or he may be under-careful of himself. He may brush his hair too regular, or too unregular. He may wear his boots much too large for him, or much too small. That is according as the young gentleman has his original character formed. But let him go to which extreme he may, sir, there’s a young lady in both of ’em.”

— Mrs. Crupp

“Samivel, Samivel! I did n’t think you’d ’a done it! Arter the warning you’ve had o’ your father’s wicious perpensities; arter all I’ve said to you on this here wery subject; arter actiwallly seein’ and bein’ in the company o’ your own mother-in-law, which I’d ’a thought was a moral lesson as no man could never have forgotten to his dying day!”

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

“Hello! Here’s a church! Let’s go in! Hello! Here’s a pair of gloves! Let’s put ’em on! Hello! Here’s Miss Skiffkins! Let’s have a wedding!”

— Mr. Wemmick

“Beside that cottage door, Mr. Boffin,

A girl was on her knees.

She held aloft a snowy scarf, sir,

Which (my eldest brother noticed) fluttered in the breeze;

June

She breathed a prayer for him, Mr. Boffin,
A prayer he could not hear;
And my eldest brother leaned upon his sword, Mr.
Boffin,
And wiped away a tear.” — Silas Wegg

“O Calf, Calf! O Baal, Baal! To barter away that precious jewel, self-esteem, and cringe to any mortal creature—for eighteen shillings a week!”

— Mr. Pecksniff

“‘It theemth to prethent two thingth to a perthion, don’t it, thquire? One, that there ith a love in the world, not at all thelf-interethth after all, but thomething very different: t’other, that it hath a way of ith own of calculating of not calculating, whith thomehow or another ith at leath ath hard to give a name to, ath the wayth of the dogth ith!’” — Mr. Sleary

“I’m an old traveler and all foreign languages and customs are alike to me—I never understand anything about any of ’em. Therefore I can’t be put to any inconvenience.” — Mr. Meagles

“Several American friends at that inn all called Mont Blanc Mount Blank, except one good-natured gentleman, of a very sociable nature, who became on such intimate terms with it that he spoke of it familiarly as ‘Blank’—observing at breakfast, ‘Blank looks pretty tall this morning.’” — Holly Tree Inn

22

"Once I passed a fortnight at an inn in the north of England where I was haunted by the ghost of a tremendous pie. It was a Yorkshire pie, like a fort, an abandoned fort, with nothing in it. It was a point of ceremony at every meal to put that pie on the table. After some days I tried to hint, in several delicate ways, that I considered the pie done with — as, for example, by emptying fag-ends of glasses of wine into it; putting cheese-plates and spoons into it, as into a basket. But always in vain, the pie being invariably cleaned out again and brought up as before."

—The Same

23

"I was taken by quick association to the anglers' inns of England (I have assisted at innumerable feats of angling by lying at the bottom of the boat whole summer days, doing nothing with the greatest perseverance; which I have generally found to be as effectual towards the taking of fish as the finest tackle and the utmost science) "

— The Same

24

"and to the pleasant, white, clean, flower-pot-decorated bedrooms of those inns, overlooking the river, and the green ait, and the church spire, and the country bridge; and to the peerless Emma with the bright eyes and the pretty smile, who waited, God bless her, with a natural grace that would have converted Bluebeard."

— The Same

June



"Then I came to the inns of Paris, with the pretty apartment of four pieces up one hundred and seventy-five waxed stairs, the privilege of ringing the bell all day long without influencing anybody's mind or body but our own, and the not-too-much-for-dinner considering the price." — The Same



"Next, to the provincial inns of France, with the great church tower rising above the church courtyard, the horse-bells jingling merrily up and down the street beyond, and the clocks of all descriptions in all the rooms, which are never right unless taken at the precise minute when by getting exactly twelve hours too fast or too slow, they unintentionally become so." — The Same



"Next I put up at the restless inns upon the Rhine, where your going to bed, no matter at what hour, appears to be the tocsin for everybody else's getting up; and where in the table-d' hote room at the end of the long table one knot of stoutish men *will* remain all night clinking glasses and singing about the river that flows and the grape that grows, and Rhine wine that beguiles, and Rhine woman that smiles, and hi drink, drink, my friend, and ho drink, drink, my brother, and all the rest of it." — The Same



"I put out to sea for the inns of America, with their four hundred beds apiece, and their eight or nine

June

hundred ladies and gentlemen at dinner every day. Again I found, as to my individual way of thinking, that the greater, more gorgeous, and the more dollarous the establishment was, the less desirable it was. Nevertheless I drank in all good-will to my friend the General and my friends the Majors, Colonels, and civilians all; full well knowing that whatever little moles my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they belong to a kind, generous, large-hearted people and a great people." — The Same



"Come to England! Our oysters are small, I know; they are said by Americans to be coppery; but our hearts are of the largest size. We are thought to excel in shrimps, to be far from despicable in point of lobsters, and in periwinkles challenge the world."

— Letters



"I can't be denounced as heartless by the whole society of China without setting myself right when I have the opportunity of doing so and you must be aware that there was 'Paul and Virginia' which had to be returned and was returned without note or comment not that I mean to say you could have written to me watched as I was but if it had only come back with a red wafer on the corner I should have known it meant Come to Peking, Nankeen and What's-the-third-place barefoot."

— Flora Finching

Mrs SPENLOW



July

I WOULD beg to give you as a toast *America and England*—may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them.

— Charles Dickens: Address at Boston, 1842

July

—  —
“Your papa used to say that roast pigs always put him in mind of very young babies, only the pigs had much fairer complexions.” — Mrs. Nickleby

“Allow me, sir, the honor of grasping your hand. Permit me, sir, to shake it.” — Mr. Leo Hunter

—  —
“Rendering unto all their just doo and maintaining equal justice between man and man, my father were that good in his hart.” — Joe Gargery

—  —
“What is the odds so long as the fire of the soul is kindled at the taper of conwiviality and the wing of friendship never moults a feather?”

“Yet loved I as man never loved
That had n't wooden legs,
And my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Sophie Cheggs.”

— Dick Swiveller

—  —
“In Freedom's name, sir, I advert with indignation and disgust, to that accursed animal, with gore-stained whiskers, whose rampant cruelty and fiery lust have ever been a scourge, a torment to the world. The naked visitors to Crusoe's island, sir; the flying wives of Peter Wilkins; the fruit-smear'd children of the tangle bush; nay, even the men of large stature, anciently bred in the mining district of Cornwall, alike

July

bear witness to its savage nature. Where, sir, are the Cormorans, the Blunderbores, the great Fee-fumfs, named in History? All, all exterminated by its destroying hand!

"I allude, sir, to the British Lion."

— General Choke

"Lord love you, sir, they're so fond of liberty in this part of the globe, that they buy her and sell her and carry her to market with 'em. They've such a passion for liberty that they can't help taking liberties with her."

— Mark Tapley

"STRANGER

Respect the tomb of
JOHN CHIVERY, JUNIOR,
Who died at an advanced age,
Not necessary to mention.
He encountered his rival in a distressed state
and felt inclined
To have a round with him;
But for the sake of the loved one,
Conquered those feelings of bitterness and became
MAGNANIMOUS."

— John Chivery

"Away with melancholy
Nor doleful human folly,
On life and human folly,
But merrily, merrily sing, Fa-la."

— Eugene Wrayburn



"My young friend, you are to us a pearl, you are to us a diamond, you are to us a gem, you are to us a jewel. And why, my young friend? My young friend, it is because you know nothing that you are to us a gem and a jewel. For what are you, my young friend? Are you a beast of the field? No. A bird of the air? No. A fish of the sea or river? No. You are a human boy, my young friend, a human boy. Oh, glorious, to be a human boy! And why glorious, my young friend?"

— Mr. Chadband



"I don't know why it is, but a fine summer day like this, with the birds singing in every direction, always puts me in mind of roast pig, with sage and onion sauce, and made gravy."

— Mrs. Nickleby



"All he asked of society was to let him live. That was n't much. He was a mere child in the world, but he did n't cry for the moon. He said to the world, 'Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons, go after glory, holiness, commerce, any object you prefer; — only let Harold Skimpole live.'"

— Of Harold Skimpole



"Where's the use of a division between you and me? We are two halves of a pair of scissors, when apart, Pecksniff; but together we are something, eh?"

— Anthony Chuzzlewit

July



"The gout is a complaint as comes from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with gout, sir, just you marry a widdler as has got a good loud voice and a decent notion o' usin' it, and you'll never have the gout again."

— Mr. Weller, Sr.



"Widders, Sammy, widders are 'ceptions to every rule. I have heered how many ord'nary women one widdler's equal to in point o' comin' over you. I think it's five and twenty, but I don't rightly know vether it ain't more."

— The Same



"I dreamed that somebody was dead and was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots and a sheet. Nothing else. 'Good God!' I said, 'Is he dead? What did he die of?' The gentleman burst into a flood of tears and said in a voice broken by emotion, 'He christened his youngest child, sir, with a toast-ing-fork.'"

— Letters



"Wot I have took from Betsy Prig this blessed night no mortal creetur knows! If she had abuged me, bein' in liquor, which I thought I smelt her wen she come, but could not so believe, not bein' used myself, I could have bore it with a thankful 'art. But the words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive. No, Betsy! Nor worms forget!"

— Mrs. Gamp

16

"Thquire, thake handth, firtht and latht! Don't be croth with uth poor vagabondth. People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a-learning, nor yet they can't be alwayth a-working, they an't made for it. You mutht have uth, thquire. Do the withe thing and kind thing too, and make the bethe of uth, not the wortht!"
— Mr. Sleary

17

"It was a maxim of Captain Swosser's, speaking in his figurative naval manner, that when you make pitch hot you can not make it too hot, and if you only have to swab a plank, you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after you."
— Mrs. Badger

18

"My dear Macready: You once — once only — gave the world assurance of a waistcoat. It was a remarkable and precious waistcoat, wherein certain broad stripes of blue or purple disported themselves as by a combination of circumstances too happy to occur again. I have seen it on your manly chest in private life. Mr. Macready, sir, are you a father? If so, lend me that waistcoat for five minutes."
— Letters

19

"She is a mother to them boys and a blessing and a comfort and a joy to all them as knows her. One of the boys, gorging hisself with vittles and then turning ill — that's their way — got a abscess on him last

July

week. To see how she operated on him with a pen-knife! O Lor'!

— Mr. Squeers

20

"A man who has lost forty-seven pound ten in one morning by his honesty is a man to be envied. If it had been eighty pounds, the luxuriousness of feeling would have been increased."

— Sampson Brass

21

"Presiding over an establishment like this makes sad havoc with the features. The gravy alone is enough to add twenty years to one's age. The anxiety of that one item keeps the mind continually on the stretch. There is no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy among commercial gentlemen."

— Mrs. Todgers

22

"My friends, we are now in the mansions of the rich and great. Why are we now in the mansions of the rich and great, my friends? Is it because we are invited? Because we are bidden to rejoice with them? Because we are bidden to play the lute with them? Because we are bidden to dance with them? No. Then why are we here, my friends?"

— Mr. Chadband

23

"Our host was a chair-maker and the chairs assigned to us were mere frames, altogether without bottoms, so that we passed the evening on perches. Nor was this the absurdest consequence; for when we unbent at supper and any one of us gave way to laughter, he forgot the peculiarity of his position, and instantly

July

disappeared. I was taken out of my frame five times by the taper's light during the eggs and bacon."

— Holly Tree Inn



"Whereabout in the bonnet and drapery announced by her name any fragment of the real woman may be concealed, is perhaps known to her maid; but you could easily buy all you see of her. You may scalp her, and peel her and make two Lady Tiffins out of her, and yet not penetrate to the genuine article."

— Of Lady Tiffins



"Grief never mended no broken bones, and, as good people's very scarce, what I says is, make the most on 'em."

— Sketches by Boz



"ETHELINDA

reverential wife of

MR. THOMAS SAPSEA,

Auctioneer, Valuer, Estate Agent, Etc.

of this city

Whose Knowledge of the World

though somewhat extensive

Never brought him acquainted with

a Spirit

More Capable of

LOOKING UP TO HIM.

Stranger, pause

and ask thyself the question:

Canst thou do likewise?

If not

With a blush retire." — Mr. Sapsea

July

“The days of that inestimable Queen Bess, which were so extremely golden! Dear creature! She was all heart! And that charming father of hers—I hope you dote on Harry the Eighth? So bluff! So burly! So truly English.”

— Mrs. Skewton

“As a biped I object to being constantly referred to insects and four-footed creatures—being required to model my proceedings according to the proceedings of the bee, the dog, the spider or the camel. I fully admit, for instance, that the camel is an excessively temperate person; but he has several stomachs to entertain himself with and I have only one.”

— Eugene Wrayburn

“The sensation of having a sweet young presence in the place, that whitewashes it, paints it, papers it, decorates it with gilding, and makes it glorious, ah me! ah me!”

— Mr. Grewgious

“Alas there was a time dear Arthur that is to say decidedly not dear nor Arthur neither but you understand me when one bright idea gilded the what’s-his-name horizon of et cetera but it is darkly clouded now and all is over.”

— Flora Finching

“Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.”

— C. D.

August

G ENIUS—In its legitimate use uniting wit with purity; instructing the high in their duties to the low; and by improving the morals, elevating the social condition of man.

—President Josiah Quincy of Harvard:
Boston Dinner to Dickens, 1842

August



"A blazing sun upon a fierce August day was no greater rarity in southern France then than at any other time, before or since. Everything in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there. Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away. The only things to be seen not fixedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did occasionally wink a little, as the hot air barely moved their faint leaves."

— From Little Dorrit



"There is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a moderation, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of everything calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of the young person, which one would seek in vain among the nations of the earth."

— Mr. Podsnap



"'Indeed, it's very kind of you, but I'm afraid I *don't* talk. Ma talks.' It was plainly to be seen, for ma was talking then at her usual canter, with arched head and mane, opened eyes and nostrils.

"'Music?'

"'I have n't the nerve to play, even if I could. Ma

August

plays.' At exactly the same canter and with the same appearance of doing something, ma did occasionally take a rock upon the instrument." —Miss Podsnap

“‘I think you said Rooshian Empire, sir?’

“‘It is Rooshian, ain't it, Wegg?’

“‘No, sir; Roman, Roman.’

“‘What's the difference, Wegg?’

“‘The difference, sir? There you place me in a difficulty, sir. Suffice it to observe, that the difference is best postponed to some other occasion when Mrs. Boffin does not honor us with her company. In Mrs. Boffin's presence we had better drop it.’”

— Silas Wegg

“‘Giving consent when asked, and offering when unasked, is quite two things. I may not have objections to a young man's keeping company with me, and when he puts the question may say ‘yes;’ but that's not saying, ‘Would you be so kind as like me?’”

— Susan Nipper

“‘If ever I wanted anything of my father, I always asked for it in a werry 'spectful and obliging manner. If he did n't give it to me, I took it, for fear I should be led to do anything wrong through not having it.’”

— Sam Weller

“‘The heavenly bodies is philosophy, and the earthly bodies is philosophy. If there's a screw loose in a heav-

August

only body, that's philosophy; and if there's a screw loose in a earthly body, that's philosophy, too; or it may be that there's a little metaphysics in it but not often. Philosophy's the chap for me."

8

— Mr. Squicers

"I shall wear this emblem of woman's perfidy in remembrance of her with whom I shall never again thread the windings of the mazy; whom I shall nevermore pledge in the rosy; who, during the short remainder of my existence, will murder the balmy."

9

— Dick Swiveller

"I have knowed that sweetest and best of women ever since afore her First, which Mr. Harris, who was dreadful timid, went and stopped his ears in a empty dog kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen, bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back on the airy stones, and she was told, to ease her mind, his 'owls was organs."

— Mrs. Gamp

10

"There were men there who made such speeches and expressed such sentiments as any moderately intelligent dustman would have blushed in his cindery bloom to have thought of. Sleek, slobbering, bow-paunched, overfed, apoplectic, snorting cattle, and the auditory leaping up in their delight!"

— Letters

11

"The present may be a very good inn according to the London opinions and I believe its character do stand

August

it; but I would n't keep a pig in it, myself — not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome and to eat with a meller flavor on him.” — Joe Gargery

“ ‘ Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.’ How true that is! — after dinner! ’ ”

— Dick Swiveller

“ We eats our biled mutton without capers and don't care for horse-radish wen we gets beef.”

— Sam Weller

“ Half a crown in the bill, if you look at the waiter.”

— The Same

“ What do you mean by this, Mr. Sawyer? Ain't it enough to be swindled out of one's rent, and money lent out of pocket besides, and abused and insulted by your friends that dares to call themselves men; without having the house turned out of window, and noise enough made to bring the fire-engines here at two o'clock in the morning? Turn them wretches away.”

— Mrs. Raddle

“ He did n't appear like the same man; then he was all milk and honey; now he was all starch and vinegar. But men are so different at different times.”

— Of Mr. Gregsbury

“ I will never be naughty again. I beg its little pardon. It's all up with the handsome friend. He has gone to

August

the demnition bowwows. It will have pity? It will not scratch and claw but pet and comfort? Oh, demmit!"

— Mr. Mantalini



"There was a young lady with her, comparatively stricken in years—almost twenty, I should say. Her name was Miss Mills. I learned that Miss Mills had had her trials in the course of a checkered existence; and that to these, perhaps, I might refer that wise benignity of manner which I had already noticed. I found that Miss Mills, having been unhappy in a misplaced affection, and being understood to have retired from the world on her awful stock of experience, still took a calm interest in the unblighted hopes and loves of youth."

— David Copperfield



"I courted her under singular circumstances. I won my wife through a rash vow. Thus: I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused me. 'You love another?' 'Spare my blushes.' 'I know him.' 'You do.' 'Very good; if he remains here I'll skin him.' I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his Majesty's service, I was bound to skin him. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her. Here's the coach. That's her head."

— Mr. Dowler

August



"The air is like that of a pre-Adamite ironing-day in full blast." — Letters

"On the Rampage, and off the Rampage:—such is life!" — Joe Gargery

"'In case anything turned up,' which was his favored expression." — Of Mr. Micawber



"I ain't what I could wish myself to be; I am far from it. I know what I am. My troubles has made me contrary. I wish I did n't feel 'em, but I do. I make the house uncomfortable." — Mrs. Gummidge



"This is a most wretched sort of affair, this world is! Somebody's always dying, or going and doing something uncomfortable in it. I'm sure I never should have looked forward so much to coming into my property, if I had known this." — Mr. Toots



"My dear Sir: Since my hall clock was sent to your establishment to be cleaned, it has gone perfectly well, but has struck the hours with great reluctance, and after enduring internal agonies of the most distressing nature, it has now ceased striking altogether, Though a happy release for the clock, this is not convenient for the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of."

— Letters

August

22

“‘Mr. Vinkel stops at home now,’ said Sam. ‘He’s married.’ ‘Married!’ exclaimed Pott, with frightful vehemence. He stopped short, smiled darkly, and added, in a low vindictive tone, ‘It serves him right!’”

— From Pickwick Papers

23

“‘Where is the miserable sinner?’

“‘My friend,’ sez I, ‘did you apply that ’ere observation to me?’

“‘Stead o’ begging my pardon as any gentleman would ’a done, he got more abusive than ever; called me a wessel, Sammy, — a wessel of wrath, — and all sorts of names.”

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

24

“‘It’s better we should begin by being confidential about our mutual friend . . . than become through mere formalities not you but me like the Spartan boy with the fox biting him, which I hope you’ll excuse my bringing up for of all tiresome boys that will go tumbling into every sort of company that boy’s the tiresomest.”

— Flora Finching

25

“‘I was never in no other trouble at all, sir, except not knowing nothink and starvation.”

— Jo

26

“‘Peace be with us! My friends, why with us? Because it can not be against us; because it must be for us;

August

because it is not hardening, because it is softening;
because it does not make war like the hawk, but
comes home unto us like the dove. Therefore, my
friends, peace be with us!" — Mr. Chadband



"Miss Julia Mills has read the whole collection of these
books. She has left marginal notes on the pages, as,
'Is not this truly touching? J. M.' 'How thrilling!
J. M.' 'Entranced here by magician's potent spell,
J. M.' 'Are tears the dew-drops of the heart?
J. M.'"
— From David Copperfield



"Hope is a buoy, for which you overhaul your Little
Warbler, sentimental diwision; but Lord, my lad,
like any other buoy, it only floats — it can't be steered
nowhere. Along with the figurehead of Hope there's
a anchor; but what's the good of a anchor if I can't
find no bottom to let it go in?" — Captain Cuttle



"I will not denige that I am worrited and wexed this
day, and with good region. God forbid!"

— Mrs. Gamp

"The still, small voice, Christopher, is a-singing comic
songs within me, and all is happiness and joy."

— Sampson Brass



"'A fine old gentleman!' repeated Jonas, referring to
his father, and giving the crown of his hat an angry
knock. 'Ah! it's time he was thinking of being
drawn out a little finer, too. Why, he's eighty!

August

And, ecod, now he's gone so far without giving in, I don't see much to prevent his being ninety; no, nor even a hundred. Why, a man with any feeling ought to be ashamed of being eighty — let alone more. Where's his religion, I should like to know, when he goes flying in the face of the Bible, like that! Three-score and ten's the mark, and no man with a conscience, and a proper sense of what's expected of him, has any business to live longer.'"

—Jonas Chuzzlewit



"It's creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward; so's jollity." — Mark Tapley

"In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile."

— Christmas Carols

"She wanted but a pair of wings to make her a little syrup."

— Mrs. Todgers

~~THE FAT BOY~~



September

HE LIVES and will live by virtue of his tenderness and genial manliness, his firm grasp of charity, his all-pervading humor and his sympathy with humanity.

— The Yorkshire Post

September

1

"I never heard, mind you, nor read of in story books, nor see in picters, any angel in tights and gaiters — not even in spectacles, as I remember, though that may ha' been done for anythin' I know to the contrairey — but mark my vords, Job Trotter, he's a reg'lar thorough-bred angel for all that; and let me see the man as ventures to tell me he knows a better vun."

— Sam Weller's tribute to Mr. Pickwick

2

"Dr. Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house in which there was a forcing-apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus the year round. Mathematical goose-berries (very sour ones, too) were common at untimely seasons, from mere sprouts of bushes."

— From *Dombey and Son*

3

"I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was wery young and shift for hisself. That's the way to make a boy sharp."

— Mr. Weller, Sr.

4

"There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages

September

for Miss Blimber. They must be dead — stone dead — and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a ghoul.”

— From *Dombey and Son*

“We have here among us, my friends, a brother and a boy. Devoid of parents, devoid of relations, devoid of flocks and herds, devoid of gold and silver and precious stones.”

— Mr. Chadband

“It’s our custom, sometimes, to tell sitters what part we (portrait-painters) are upon, in order that if there’s any particular expression they want introduced they may throw it in, at the time, you know.”

— Miss La Creevy

“Poor Traddles was always being caned. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate. I used to wonder what comfort he found in skeletons and for a long time looked upon him as a sort of hermit who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that caning could n’t last forever.”

— From *David Copperfield*

“Oh, yes, I have, I have my faults, no man knows his faults better than I know mine. But I’m not meek. My worst enemies — every man has his enemies, sir, and I have mine — never accused me of being meek. And I tell you what, sir, if I had n’t more of these qualities that commonly endear man to man, than

September

our articled clerk has, I'd steal a Cheshire cheese, tie it round my neck, and drown myself. I'd die degraded, as I have lived. I would, upon my honor."

— Mr. Chuckster



"Have you seen the literary articles which appeared in the Eatanswill Gazette?' asked Mr. Pott. 'They appeared in the form of a copious review of a work on Chinese metaphysics, sir.' 'An abstruse subject, I should conceive,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'He crammed for it,' said Mr. Pott, 'reading up the subject at my desire, in the Encyclopedia Britannica.' 'Indeed,' said Mr. Pickwick; 'I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information respecting Chinese metaphysics.' 'He read, sir,' rejoined Pott, laying his hand on Mr. Pickwick's knee, and looking around with a smile of intellectual superiority; 'He read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C; and combined his information, sir.'"

— Mr. Pott



"Remorse and misery — sudden disappearance — talk of the whole city — search made everywhere — without success — public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing — weeks elapsed — still a stoppage — workmen employed to clean it — water drawn off — father-in-law discovered sticking head-first in the main pipe — full confession in his right boot — took him out and fountain played again as well as ever."

— Alfred Jingle

September

"When I listened that morning, I listened with admiration amounting to hawe. I thought to myself, here's a man with a wooden leg — a literary man *with* a wooden leg, and all print is open to him.'

"'I believe you couldn't show me the piece of English print that I would n't be equal to collaring and throwing.'

"'On the spot?'

"'On the spot.'

"'I knowed it. Then consider this: here am I, a man without a wooden leg, yet all print is shut to me.'"

— Mr. Boffin and Silas Wegg

"Walk fast, my lad, and walk the same all the days of your life. Overhaul the Catechism for that advice and keep it."

— Captain Cuttle

"His fits of dozing were sudden and short and profound. When the first of these slumberings seized him Mrs. General looked almost amazed; but on each recurrence of the symptoms, she told her polite beads — Papa, Potatoes, Poultry, Prunes and Prisms — and by dint of going through that performance very slowly, finished her rosary at the same time he started from his sleep."

— Of Mrs. General

"He's a leech in his dispositions, a screw and a wice in his actions, a snake in his twistings, and a lobster in his claws."

— Of Grandfather Smallweed

September

"He has the constitution of a rhinoceros, the digestion of an ostrich, and the concentration of an oyster."

— From Little Dorrit



"A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped is Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of grammars? As you're perfect in that, go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing-day tomorrow."

— Mr. Squeers



"I am a particularly angular man. I feel on these premises as if I was a bear—with the cramp—in a youthful cotillion."

— Mr. Grewgious

"I may be a camel, but I am not a dromedary!"

— Susan Nipper

"If you're an eel, conduct yourself like one. If you're a man, control your limbs, sir!"

— Of Uriah Heep

"He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B.—Tough and *de-vilish* sly."

— Major Bagstock



"I had hope and youth. I believe, beauty. It matters very little now. Neither of them served nor saved me. I have the honor to appear at court regularly. With my documents. I expect a judgment. Shortly. On the Day of Judgment. This is a good omen for you. Pray accept my blessing."

— Miss Flite

September



“ ‘Dinner is on the table!’ Thus the melancholy retainer, as who should say, ‘Come down and be poisoned, ye unhappy children of men!’ ”

— Veneering’s Butler

“ Does my eyes deceive me, or is that object up there a — a — a — pie? It can’t be a pie! ” — Silas Wegg



“ And give us a round of toast or two, first cutting off the crust in consequence of tender teeth and not too many of ’em, which Gamp himself, Mrs. Chuzzlewit, being in liquor struck out four, two single and two double, which was took by Mrs. Harris as a keepsake and is carried in her pocket at this present day.”

— Mrs. Gamp



“ I beg your parding, young man, but who do you call a woman? Did you make that remark to me, sir? Did you apply that name to me, I ask of you, sir? Yes, of course you did! Everybody may insult me in my own house, while my husband sits sleeping downstairs, and taking no more notice than if I was a dog in the streets.”

— Mrs. Raddle

“ What do you strike the boy for, you brute? Do you think he’s your wife, you willin? ” — Sketches by Boz



“ Oh, wooman, lovely wooman, what a sex you are! ”

— Mr. Turveydrop

September

"The wery planks she walked on was as high esteemed as the waterbrooks is by the hart that never rejices."

— Captain Cuttle

"My papa was in the habit of saying, 'Emma's form is fragile, but her grasp of a subject is inferior to none.'"

— Mrs. Micawber



"She dotes on poetry, sir; she adores it! I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it."

— Of Mrs. Leo Hunter

"The goddess Diana, sir, that calls aloud for the chase, is not more particular in her behavior than Sophia Wackles."

— Dick Swiveller



" 'Tim Linkinwater, sir,' said brother Charles; 'give me your hand, sir. This is your birthday. How dare you talk about anything else till you have been wished many happy returns of the day, Tim Linkinwater? God bless you, Tim! God bless you!' 'My dear brother,' said the other, seizing Tim's disengaged fist, 'Tim Linkinwater looks ten years younger than he did on his last birthday.' 'Brother Ned, my dear boy,' returned the other old fellow, 'I believe that Tim Linkinwater was born a hundred and fifty years old, and is gradually coming down to five and twenty; for he's younger every birthday than he was the year before.' 'So he is, brother Charles, so he is,' replied brother Ned. 'There's not a doubt about it.' 'Remember, Tim,' said brother Charles, 'that we dine at half past five today.'" —The Brothers Cheeryble

September



"There was Mr. Spottletoe, who was so bald and had such big whiskers that he seemed to have stopped his hair, in the very act of falling off his head, and to have fastened it, by the use of some powerful remedy, irrevocably on his face." — From Martin Chuzzlewit



"If I had known who you were, I should have rushed out, and caught you in my arms,' said Bob Sawyer; 'but upon my life, I thought you were the King's taxes, I did, indeed, and I was just going to say that I was n't at home, but if you'd leave a message I'd be sure to give it to myself; for he don't know me: no more does the Lighting and Paving. I think the Church-rates guesses who I am, and I know the Water-works does, because I drew a tooth of his when I first came down here. But come in, come in!'"

— Bob Sawyer



"Is it Pumblechook's house that has been broken into, then?"

"That's it, Pip,' said Joe; 'and they took his till, and they took his cash-box, and they dranked his wine, and they partook of his wittles, and they slapped his face, and they pulled his nose, and they tied him up to his bedpust, and they giv' him a dozen, and they stuffed his mouth full of flowering annuals to prewent his crying out. But he knowed Orlick, and Orlick's in the county jail.'" — Joe Gargery

September



"We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n- win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em by weeding the garden. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

— Mr. Squers



"A select, convivial circle called the 'Glorious Apollers' of which I have the honor to be Perpetual Grand."

— Dick Swiveller

"Curious circumstances about those initials. You will observe — P. M.— post meridian. In hasty notes to intimate acquaintances I sometimes sign myself 'Afternoon.' It amuses my friends very much."

— Mr. Magnus



"If ever there was a donkey trespassing on my green, there was one this afternoon at four o'clock. A cold feeling came over me from head to foot and I know it was a donkey."

— Betsy Trotwood



"I know you're going to scold me!"

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

September

““Oh, but reasoning, is worse than scolding! I did n't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am you ought to have told me so, you cruel boy!”

— David Copperfield and his wife

October

WHEN no more sighs are heaved for Little Nell,
When Pickwick's name has lost its magic
charm,

When love is dead in Dolly Varden's eye,

When David's grief no longer casts a spell,

When Carton's chivalry is changed to harm,

When crickets sing not—then will Dickens die.

— William Dowding

October

☐

“May this house live upon the fatness of the land; may corn and wine be plentiful therein; may it grow, may it thrive, may it prosper, may it advance, may it proceed, may it press forward!” — Mr. Chadband

☐

“‘What a delicious thing is a oyster!’ remarked Mr. Claypole, after he had swallowed it. ‘What a pity it is, a number of ’em should ever make you feel uncomfortable; is n’t it, Charlotte?’

“‘It’s quite a cruelty,’ said Charlotte.

“‘So it is,’ acquiesced Mr. Claypole. A’n’t yer fond of oysters?’” — Noah Claypole

☐

“And say, sir, that I was wafted here upon the pinions of concord; that I came to remove, with the rake of friendship, the seeds of mutual violence and heart-burning, and to sow in their place, the germs of social harmony. Will you have the goodness to charge yourself with that commission, sir?”

— Dick Swiveller

☐

“Since that, all is fled, save gall!” — Mr. Venus

“Nothink’s nat’ral to me but to be alone and lorn.”

— Mrs. Gummidge

“Think! I’ve got enough to do, and little enough to get for it, without thinking! Thinking!” — Coavinses

October

“You’ve hit it, sir! Plenty of subjects going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That’s what’s wanted. A man need n’t go far to find a subject if he’s ready with his salt-box.’ Mr. Pumblechook added, after a short interval of reflection, ‘Look at Pork alone. There’s a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!’”

— Mr. Pumblechook

“She’s always a-kissin’ of me, whether I like it or not. She’s always a-doin’ of it, Mr. Bumble, sir; she chucks me under the chin, please sir, and makes all manner of love.”

— Noah Claypole

“The quick eye of affection is not to be blinded when of the female sex.”

— Mrs. Micawber

“A fine figger of a woman—a little redness or a little matter of bone here or there, what does it signify to me?”

— Joe Gargery

“Show me the man who says anything against women as women, and I boldly declare he is not a man!”

— Mr. Snodgrass

“If I had been born a corsair or a pirate, a brigand, genteel highwayman or patriot—and they’re the same thing,’ thought Mr. Tappertit, musing among the nine-pins, ‘I should have been all right. But to drag out an ignoble existence unbeknown to mankind in general—patience! I will be famous yet. A voice within me keeps on whispering Greatness. I shall burst out one of these days, and when I do,

October

what power can keep me down? I feel my soul
getting into my head at the idea. More drink there!''

— Simon Tappetit

“Ho, master, ho, mim!’ cried Miggs, ‘can I constrain
my feelings in these here once agin united moments!
Ho, here’s blessedness among relations, sir! Here’s
forgiveness of injuries, here’s amicableness! Ho,
good gracious!’”

— Miggs

“Mr. F. was so devoted to me that he could never bear
me out of his sight though of course I am unable to
say how long that might have lasted if he had n’t
been cut short while I was a new broom worthy man
but not poetical manly prose but not romance.”

— Flora Finching

“In at the palace one day and out at the window the
next. Philosopher, sir?’

“‘An observer of human nature, sir.’

“‘Ah, so am I. Most people are when they’ve
little to do and less to get. Poet, sir?’”

— Mr. Jingle

“Mr. Micawber has his faults. I do not deny that he is
improvident. I do not deny that he has kept me in
the dark as to his resources and his liabilities, both,
but I will never desert Mr. Micawber. I will never
do it! It’s of no use asking me!”

— Mrs. Micawber

October

“Mr. Skimpole, having (as he added with delightful gaiety) nothing to live upon but love, fell in love, and married, and surrounded himself with rosy cheeks. His good friend Jarndyce and some other of his good friends then helped him, in quicker or slower succession, to several openings in life; but to no purpose, for he must confess to two of the oddest infirmities in the world; one was, that he had no idea of time: the other, that he had no idea of money. In consequence of which, he never kept an appointment, never could transact any business and never knew the value of anything!”

— From Bleak House

“‘And of them Dodson and Fogg, as does these sorts o’ things on spec,’ continued Mr. Weller, ‘as well as for the other kind and gen’rous people o’ the same profession, as sets people by the ears, free gratis for nothin’, and sets their clerks to work to find out little disputes among their neighbors and acquaintances as vants settlin’ by means o’ law-suits — all I can say o’ them is, that I vish they had the revard I’d give ’em.’”

— Sam Weller

“‘Bunsby!’ said the captain, appealing to him solemnly, ‘what do you make of this? There you sit, a man as has had his head broke from infancy up’ards, and has got a new opinion into it at every seam as has been opened. Now what do you make o’ this?’

“‘If so be,’ returned Bunsby, with unusual prompti-

October

tude, 'as he's dead, my opinion is he won't come back no more. If so be as he's alive, my opinion is he will. Do I say he will? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this obseruation lays in the application on it.' " —Captains Cuttle and Bunsby



" 'I am as well as I never ham.'

" 'Have you any apartments available, ma'am?'

" 'Mr. Grewgious, I will not deceive you; far from it. I have apartments available.' With the air 'Convey me to the stake, if you will, but while I live I will be candid.' "

— Mrs. Billickin



" Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, and when you are old, you will never depart from it. Overhaul the book.

" Wal'r is what you may call an out'ard and visible sign of an in'ard and spiritual grasp, and when found, make a note on."

— Captain Cuttle



" What a hard thing it is that when a cove has once gone a little wrong, a cove's own father should be always a-throwing it in his face behind his back! It's enough to make a cove go and do something out of spite."

— Rob the Grinder



" 'Oh, Lord!' gasps Mr. Smallweed, looking about him breathless, from an arm-chair. 'Oh, dear me! Oh, my bones and back! Oh, my aches and pains! Sit

October

down, you dancing, prancing, shambling, scrambling poll parrot! Sit down!' bestowing upon Mrs. Smallweed, with great volubility, the endearing epithet of 'a pig-headed Jackdaw,' repeated a surprising number of times." — Grandfather Smallweed



"Ah, poultry, poultry! You little thought when you were a young fledgling what was in store for you. You little thought you was to be the refreshment beneath this humble roof for one as — call it a weakness, if you will, but may I — *may I?*"

— Mr. Pumblechook



"An individual of whom it may be said in the language of the poet that none but himself can in any way come up to him."

— Of Chevy Slyme

"People who can carve poultry are great fools if they own it, and people who can't have no wish to learn."

— Sketches by Boz



"I may have a conviction that Mr. Micawber's manners peculiarly qualify him for the banking business. I may argue within myself that if I had a deposit at a banking-house the manners of Mr. Micawber as representing that banking-house, would inspire confidence, and must extend the connection. But if the various banking-houses refuse to avail themselves of Mr. Micawber's abilities, or receive the offer of them with contumely, what is the use of dwelling on that idea?" — Mrs. Micawber

October

22

“Be careful how you go, my dear friend. Be sure to pick your way among the timber, for all the rusty nails are upwards. There’s a dog in the lane. He bit a man last night, and a woman the night before, and last Tuesday he killed a child — but that was in play. Don’t go too near him.”

“Which side of the road is he, sir?” asked Brass, in great dismay.

“He lives on the right hand,” said Quilp, ‘but sometimes he hides on the left, ready for a spring. He’s uncertain in that respect. Mind you take care of yourself. I’ll never forgive you if you don’t. There, the light’s out — never mind — you know the way — straight on!’”

— Quilp

23

“We went off straight to look at the Blacking Ware’us. But we did n’t find that it come up to its likeness in the red bills at the shop doors. I meanersay as it is there drawed too architectooralooral.” — Joe Gargery

“A pump is a very chaste practice. I have found that a lamp-post is calculated to refine the mind and give it a classical tendency.”

— Mr. Pecksniff

24

“Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means; and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance is he not? ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘A convicted liar?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ ‘He has been kicked,

October

and cuffed, and caned?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And he is utterly dishonorable, debased, and profligate?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?' 'Well, sir, he is a smart man.'"

— From American Notes



"She is eminently calculated for a mother-in-law. She never interferes, is all for peace, and her disposition easy. She has her failings — as who has not — but I never knew her to do it when company was present; at which times you may freely trust her with wines, spirits or malt liquors."

— Mr. Guffy



"I'll tell thee how the maiden wept, Mrs. Boffin,
When her true love was slain, ma'am;
And how her broken spirit slept, Mrs. Boffin,
And never woke again, ma'am.
I'll tell thee (if agreeable to Mr. Boffin), how the steed
drew nigh,
And left his lord afar;
And if my tale (which I hope Mr. Boffin might excuse)
should make you sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar."

— Silas Wegg



"'The fact is, my young friend,' said Mr. Stiggins solemnly, 'he has an obderrate bosom. Oh, my young friend, who else could have resisted the pleading of sixteen of our fairest sisters, and withstood their exhortations to subscribe to our noble society for providing the infant negroes in the West Indies with

October

flannel waist-coats and moral pocket ankerchers, blending select tales with wood-cuts?’

“‘Sat and smoked his pipe, and said the infant negroes were — what did he say the infant negroes were?’ said Mrs. Weller. ‘Little Humbugs,’ said Mr. Stiggins, deeply affected.

“‘Said the infant negroes were little humbugs,’ repeated Mrs. Weller. And they both groaned at the atrocious conduct of the old gentleman.”

— Of Mr. Weller, Sr.



“Mr. Wegg, I love her. Mr. Wegg, she is worthy of being loved by a potentate. ‘I do not wish,’ she writes in her own handwriting, ‘to regard myself, nor yet to be regarded in that bony light.’

“I can make allowance for lowness of spirit, for no man knows what it is when it comes upon a man better than I do. And no man, perhaps, has a better right to know it than a man who has an unrequited image imprinted on his art.” — Mr. Venus



“‘Did you give your son the name of Ham because you lived in a sort of ark?’

“‘No, sir, his father give it to him.’

“‘I thought you were his father.’

“‘My brother Joe was *his* father.’

“‘Dead, Mr. Peggotty?’

“‘Drowndead.’”

— Mr. Peggotty



“‘Lord bless you, sir!’ cried Mark, ‘what’s the use! Some architects are clever at making foundations,

October

and some architects are clever at building on 'em when they're made. But it 'll come right in the end, it 'll all come right. In the mean time, sir, we have a deal to do, and far to go. So sharp's the word, and jolly.'"

— Mark Tapley



"Oh, woman, God beloved in Old Jerusalem! The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure, in bearing heavy evidence against us, on the Day of Judgment!"

— From Martin Chuzzlewit

URIAH HEAP





November

THE good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever friendly,
noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man.
— Carlyle

November



“‘Now, Mr. Tapley,’ said Mark, giving himself a tremendous blow in the chest by way of a reviver, ‘just you attend to what I’ve got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they can look, young man. You’ll not have such an opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live, and therefore, Tapley, now’s your time to come out strong, or never.’”

— Mark Tapley



“Do you say they were crooked? Oh, what a vale of tears we live in. Do we say crooked? We’ll not say very crooked, ma’am. Let us not bear hard on the weaknesses of the deceased. He is gone, ma’am, to where his legs will never come in question. We will content ourselves with crooked.”

— Sampson Brass



“We never know the value of some wines and fig-trees till we lose ‘em. So much the worse, sir, for them as has the slighting of ‘em on their consciences when they’re gone to be in full blow elsewhere.”

— Susan Nipper



“‘You have forgotten your coat,’ said Mr. Pickwick. ‘Eh?’ said Jingle. ‘Spout—dear relation—uncle Tom—could n’t help it—must eat, you know. Wants of nature—and all that. Gone, my dear sir

November

—last coat—can't help it. Lived on a pair of boots—whole fortnight. Silk umbrella—ivory handle—week—fact—honor—ask Job—knows it.' 'Lived for three weeks upon a pair of boots, and a silk umbrella, with an ivory handle!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, who had only heard of such things in shipwrecks. 'True,' said Jingle, nodding his head. 'Pawnbroker's shop—duplicates here. 'Oh,' said Mr. Pickwick, much relieved, 'I understand, you pawned your wardrobe.'"

—Mr. Jingle



"Everything—Job's too—all shirts gone—never mind—saves washing. Nothing soon—lie in bed—starve—die—inquest—little bone house—poor prisoner—common necessities—hush it up—gentlemen of the jury—warden's tradesmen—keep it snug—natural death—coroner's order—workhouse funeral—serve him right—all over—drop the curtain."

—The Same



"The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

—Sergeant Buzfuz



"Ere we had yet detected the housemaid in selling the feathers out of the spare bed, Gout, flying upwards, soared with Mr. F. to another sphere."

—Flora Finching

November

"If I could by any means wash out the remembrance of that day, I should sink into the silent tomb with a gleam of joy."
— Mr. Toots

8

"I take a particular case,' returned the doctor, 'as illustrating my remark. In this portion of Mr. Crimple's leg, there is a certain amount of animal oil. In every one of Mr. Crimple's joints, sir, there is more or less of the same deposit. Very good. If Mr. Crimple neglects his meals, or fails to take his proper quantity of rest, that oil wanes, and becomes exhausted. What is the consequence? Mr. Crimple's bones sink down into their sockets, sir, and Mr. Crimple becomes a weazen, puny, stunted, miserable man!'"

— Doctor Jobling

9

"T. I. presents compt. to I. T. and T. I. begs to say that I see the advertisement and she will do herself the pleasure of calling on you at 12 o'clock. T. I. as to apologize to I. T. of the shortness of notice, but I hope it will not inconvenience you.

"I remain yours Truly

"Wednesday evening."

— Sketches by Boz

10

"My name? No. I want to take a Alfred David. I am a man as gets my living and as seeks to get my living by the sweat of my brow. Not to risk being done out of the sweat of my brow, by any chances, I should wish afore going further to be sworn in."

November

"And don't you know that I won't have no Poll Parrotting on the part of my daughter? No, nor yet that I won't take no Poll Parrotting from no man!"

— Rogue Riderhood

"Do not put itself out of humor, it is a pretty, bewitching little demd countenance, and it should not be out of humor, for it spoils its loveliness, and makes it cross and gloomy like a frightful, naughty, demd hobgoblin. She will be a lovely widow. I shall be a *body*. Some handsome women will weep. She will laugh demnebly!"

— Mr. Mantalini

"I should like it of all things, I assure you; but I am far too 'umble. There are people enough to tread upon me in my lowly state without my doing outrage to their feelings by possessing learning. Learning is n't for me. Better for a person like me not to aspire."

— Uriah Heep

"Ever Injured Miss Pecksniff, Ere this reaches you, the undersigned will be—if not a corpse—on the way to Van Diemen's Land. Send not in pursuit. I never will be taken alive! I love another. She is Another's. Everything appears to be somebody else's. Nothing in the world is mine—not even my Situation—which I have forfeited—by my rash conduct—in running away. Farewell! Be the proud bride of a ducal coronet, and forget me! Long may it be before you know the anguish with which I now subscribe

November

myself—amid the tempestuous howlings of the—
sailors.

“Unalterably
“Never yours,”

—Augustus Moddle

14

“This is either insanity or intoxication, and my suspicion is that it’s intoxication.” —Miss Murdstone

15

“A lovely thing it must be fur to learn young folks wot’s right, and fur to know wot *they* know wot you do it!” —Rogue Riderhood

“The question about everything was, would it bring a blush to the cheek of the young person.”

—Mr. Podsnap

16

“Dancing is such a dreadful thing! If I were wicked enough and strong enough to kill anyone, it would be my partner.” —Miss Podsnap

“Don’t you know that it’s very naughty and unfeminine and a perversion of the properties wisely and benignantly transmitted to us, with expansive powers to be roused from their dormant state through the medium of cultivation?” —Mrs. Jarley

17

“In Italy is she really with the grapes and figs growing everywhere and lava necklaces and bracelets too that land of poetry with burning mountains picturesque beyond belief though if the organ boys come away

November

from the neighborhood not to be scorched nobody can wonder being so young and bringing their white mice with them most humane." — Flora Finching

18

"My meaning, Ned, is obvious — I observe another fly in the cream-jug, but have the goodness not to take it out as you did the first, for their walk, when their legs are milky, is extremely ungraceful and disagreeable — my meaning is, that you must do as I did; that you must marry well and make the most of yourself."

"A mere fortune-hunter!" cried the son, indignantly.

"What in the devil's name, Ned, would you be!" returned the father." — Mr. Chester

19

"In the mildest language, I adore you. Will you be so kind as to allow me to file a declaration? I have walked up and down of an evening, opposite Jellyby's house, only to look upon the bricks that once contained Thee." — Mr. Guppy

"What a world of gammon and spinnage it is, though, ain't it?" — Miss Mowcher

20

"I wish to goodness, Ma, that you'd loll a little!"

"How! Loll! I hope I am incapable of it!"

— Mrs. Wilfer and Lavinia

"Brisk"! Whence the low expression?"

— Mrs. Wilfer



November

21

"Miss Brobity's being, young man, was deeply imbued with homage to Mind. She revered Mind, when launched, or as I say, precipitated, on an extensive knowledge of the world." — Mr. Sapsea

"'Feasts of reason, sir, and flows of soul,' as somebody who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter on her breakfasts feelingly and originally said."

— Mr. Leo Hunter

22

"The gay the gay and festive scene,
The halls the halls of dazzling light."

— Silas Wegg

"The mind naturally falls, shall I say into a reverie, or into a retrospect, on a day like this."

— Mrs. Wilfer

23

"After that we had a dish of very little pieces of pork, fried with pigs' kidneys; after that, a fowl; after that, something very red and stringy, which I think was veal; and after that, two tiny little new-born-baby-looking turkeys, very red and very swollen."

— Letters

24

"'It's a stew of tripe,' said the landlord smacking his lips, 'and cow-heel,' smacking them once more, 'and bacon,' smacking them once more, 'and steak,' smacking them for the fourth time, 'and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrow-grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy.' Having come to the

November

climax, he smacked his lips a great many times, and taking a long hearty sniff of the fragrance that was hovering about, put on the cover again with the air of one whose toils on earth were over."

— Landlord of the Jolly Sandboys



"For these and all other blessings, brother Charles,' said Ned.

"Lord, make us truly thankful, brother Ned,' said Charles. Whereupon the apoplectic butler whisked off the top of the soup tureen, and shot, all at once, into a state of violent activity."

— The Brothers Cheeryble



"I will joyfully come up to dine at your house and meet the Dane (Hans Christian Anderson) whose books I honor and whose — to make that sentiment complete I want something that would sound like 'Bones I love.' But I can't get anything that unites reason with beauty."

— Letters



"A youngish, sallowish gentleman in spectacles with a lumpy forehead, here caused a profound sensation by saying, in a raised voice, 'Esker — ?' and then stopping dead. 'Mais oui,' said the French gentleman, 'quoi donc?' But he had delivered himself of all that he found behind his lumps and spake for the time no more."

— From Our Mutual Friend



"Mrs. Podsnap: fine woman for Professor Owen, quantity of bone, neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse,

November

hard features, majestic head-dress in which Podsnap had hung golden offerings."

— From Our Mutual Friend

" 'The Blood Drinker' will die with that girl; and she's the only sylph I ever saw that could stand on one leg and play the tambourine on her other knee, *like* a sylph! "

— Vincent Crummles



"There! Now drat you, Betsey, don't be long!" said Mrs. Gamp, apostrophising her absent friend. "For I can't abear to wait, I do assure you. To wotever place I goes, I sticks to this one mortar, 'I'm easy pleased; it is but little as I wants; but I must have that little of the best, and to the minit when the clock strikes, else we do not part as I could wish, but bearin' malice in our arts.' "

— Mrs. Gamp



"If you have anything to say contrairy to the character of Mrs. Harris, which well I knows behind her back, afore her face or anywhere is not to be impeaged."

— Mrs. Gamp

"Polly, put the kettle on! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! I'm a devil, I'm a devil! Never say die!"

— Grip, the Raven



"The die is cast. — All is over. Hiding the ravages of care with a sickly mask of mirth, I have not informed you this evening that there is no hope of the remittance. The bolt is impending and the tree must fall.

"From the Beggared Outcast — W. M."

— Mr. Micawber

December

THE chimes ring out their welcome strains and free,
On earth goodwill to men of low degree:
Let all enjoy life's happiness benign,
And share the goodness of the Hand Divine.

—Robert Allibut: Tribute to Dickens' Works

December

“One wintry evening, a keen north wind arose as it grew dark, and night came on with black and dismal looks. A bitter storm of sleet, sharp, dense, and icy-cold, swept the wet streets, and rattled on the trembling windows. Sign-boards, shaken past endurance in their creaking frames, fell crashing on the pavement; old, tottering chimneys reeled and staggered in the blast; and many a steeple rocked again that night, as though the earth were troubled.”

— From Barnaby Rudge

“Cheerily, though there were none abroad to see it, shown the Maypole light that evening. Blessings on the red — deep, ruby, glowing red — old curtain of the window; blending into one rich stream of brightness, fire and candle, meat, drink, and company, and gleaming like a jovial eye upon the bleak waste out of doors! Within, what carpet like its crunching sand, what music merry as its crackling logs, what perfume like its kitchen’s dainty breath, what weather genial as its hearty warmth! Blessings on the old house, how sturdily it stood!” — The Maypole

“‘What becomes of the old giants? They’re usually kept in caravans to wait upon the dwarfs. It’s better that, than letting ’em go upon the parish or about the streets,’ said Mr. Vuffin. ‘Once make a giant common and giants will never draw again.’”

December

Look at wooden lega. If there was only one man with a wooden leg, what a property he'd be! "

— Mr. Vuffin

"This is the infallible and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot or spatter, from silk, satin, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombazine, or woollens. Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, any stains, all come out at one rub."

— The Peddler

"Oh, my lungs and liver, get out of the shop! Oh, what do you want? Oh, my eyes and limbs, what do you want? Oh, goroo!"

— Dreadful Shopkeeper

"Look'ee here; I forgot myself half a minute ago. What I said was low; that's what it was; low. Look'ee here; look over it! I ain't a-going to be low. I know what's due to you both and now you may count on me always having a genteel muzzle on."

— Magwitch

"The pigs is well; the cows is well; the boys is bob-bish."

— Mrs. Squeers

"Measles, rheumatics, whooping-cough, fevers, agers and lumbagers is all philosophy together."

— Mr. Squeers

"It was as true as turnips is. It was as true as taxis is, and nothing is truer than them."

— Mr. Barkis

December



“ ‘Churchyard! If it war n’t for me you’d have been to the churchyard long ago and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?’

“ ‘You did.’

“ ‘And why did I do it, I should like to know?’

“ ‘I don’t know.’

“ ‘I don’t! I’d never do it again! I may truly say I’ve never had this apron of mine off since born you were. It’s bad enough to be a blacksmith’s wife — and him a Gargery — without being your mother!’ ”

— Mrs. Joe Gargery



“ ‘I had better go into the House and die. I am a lone, lorn creetur and had much better not make myself contrairy here. If thinks must go contrairy with myself, let me go contrairy in my parish. Yes, yes, I feel more than other people do, and I show it more. It’s my misfortun’.”

— Mrs. Gummidge



“ ‘And you need n’t, Mr. Venus, be your black bottle,

For surely I’ll be mine.

And we’ll take a glass with a slice of lemon in it to which you’re partial

For auld lang syne.”

— Silas Wegg



“ ‘Cows are my passion. What I have ever sighed for has been to retreat to a Swiss farm and live entirely surrounded by cows and china.’ — Mrs. Skewton

Doodles

"I wish Africa was dead! I hate it and detest it.
a beast!"
— Caddy Je

"When she was solemnly tooled through the parl
the side of her mother in a great, tall, custard-col
phaeton, she showed above the apron of that vel
like a dejected young person sitting up in bed to
a startled look at things in general and very stron
desiring to get her head under the counterpane aga
— Of Miss Pods

"I'm not quite a fool and I'm not blind, and I wo
submit to it."
— Charity Pecksn

"Ah! It makes me blush for my fellow-creeturs! I wi
I'd been born a ox, I do!"
— Miss Mig

"I may not be Methoosalum but I am not a child
arms."

"I may not be a peacock, but I have my eyes."
— Susan Nippe

"I think he's the victim of connubiality, as Bluebeard's
domestic chaplain said, with tears of pity, when he
buried him."
— Sam Weller

"Mr. Bumble has been heard to say that in this reverse
and degradation he has not even spixits enough to be
thankful for being separated from his wife."
— From Oliver Twist

"I can't consent, and I won't consent, and I never did
consent and I never will consent to be lost in you.
Swallow up everybody else, and welcome. The pe-
culiarity of my temper is, ma'am, that I won't be
swallowed up alive."
— Mr. Flintwinch

December

“I will not say that I have reproached myself; but there have been times when I have asked myself the question: what if her husband had been nearer on a level with her? If she had not had to look up quite so high, what might the stimulating action have been upon the liver?”

— Mr. Sapsea

“Thrown on the wide world,
Doomed to wander and roam,
Bereft of his parents
Bereft of a home,
A stranger to something
And what 's-his-name joy,
Behold little Edward,
The poor peasant boy.”

— Silas Wegg

“I want to get some reading — some fine, bold reading; some splendid book in a gorging Lord Mayor's Show of wollumes, as 'll reach right down to your point of view and take time to go by you. How can I get that reading?”

— Mr. Boffin

“Not being a regular musical professional I should be loth to engage myself for that; and therefore when I dropped into poetry I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend.”

— Silas Wegg

“‘Joe — he's asleep again!’ ‘Very extraordinary boy, that,’ said Mr. Pickwick, ‘does he always sleep in

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this way?' 'Sleep!' said the old gentleman, 'he's always asleep. Goes on errands fast asleep, and snores as he waits at table.' 'How very odd!' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Ah! odd indeed,' returned the old gentleman; 'I'm proud of that boy — would n't part with him on any account — he's a natural curiosity.'"

— From Pickwick Papers



"There are only two styles of portrait-painting, the serious and the smirk; and we always use the serious for professional people, and the smirk for private ladies and gentlemen who don't care much about looking clever."

— Miss La Creevy



"She is a high-flyer at fashion. And her make is such that she does it credit. I ain't yet as fashionable as I may come to be. Heneryetty, old lady, this is the gentleman that's going to decline and fall off the Rooshian Empire."

— Mr. Boffin



"Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms are all very good words for the lips, especially prunes and prisms."

— Mrs. General



"It became a frequent custom with Pancks as he went home, jaded at night, to pass around by Bleeding Heart Yard, go quietly up the stairs, look in at Mr. Baptist's door, and finding him in his room to say, 'Hallo, old chap! Altro!' To which Mr. Baptist

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would reply with innumerable bright nods and smiles, 'Altro, Signore, Altro, altro, altro!' After this highly condensed conversation Mr. Pancks would go his way with an appearance of being lightened and refreshed."

— From Little Dorrit

22

" 'Shake me up, somebody, if you 'll be so good,' says the voice from within the faintly struggling bundle into which he has collapsed, 'I have come to look after the property. Shake me up; and call in the police on duty at the next house, to be explained to about the property. My solicitor will be here presently to protect the property. Transportation or the gallows for anybody who shall touch the property!' As his dutiful grandchildren set him up, panting, and putting him through the usual restorative process of shaking and punching, he still repeats like an echo, 'the — the property! The property! — property!'"

— Grandfather Smallweed

23

"A Christmas family-party! We know nothing in nature more delightful! There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies and discords are forgotten; social feelings are awakened in bosoms to which they have long been strangers; father and son, or brother and sister, who have met and passed with averted gaze, or a look of cold recognition, for months before, proffer and return the cordial embrace, and bury their past animosities in their present happiness. Kindly hearts that have yearned towards each other, but have been withheld by false notions of pride and self-dignity, are again reunited,

December

and all is kindness and benevolence! Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through (as it ought), and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better nature, were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers!"

— From A Christmas Dinner



"But they did n't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child himself."

— C. D.



"'A Merry Christmas! A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year.' Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all and more. He became a good friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough, in the good old world. He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence principle, and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed that knowledge. May that be true and said of us, and of all of us.'"

— From A Christmas Carol



"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the past, the present and the future. The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lesson they teach."

— Scrooge

December

27

"Mr. Pecksniff said grace — a short and pious grace — invoking a blessing on the appetites of those present, and committing all persons who had nothing to eat to the care of Providence; whose business (so said the grace in effect) it clearly was to look after them. This done, they fell to with less ceremony than appetite, the table groaning under the weight of the abundance."

— From Martin Chuzzlewit

28

"That profeejus wretch! Oh, Betsy Prig, what wickedness you've showed this night, but never shall you darken Sairey's doors agen, you twining serpent! Chose once, but chose no more. No partnership with Sairey Gamp agen!"

— Mrs. Gamp

29

"Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green."

— C. D.

30

"I sez to Mrs. Harris only t'other day, the last Monday evening as ever dawned upon this Piljian's Projiss

December

of a mortal wale; I sez to Mrs. Harris, when she sez to me: 'Years and our trials, Mrs. Gamp, sets marks on us all'— Say not the words, Mrs. Harris, if you and me is to be continuual friends, for sich is not the case."

— Mrs. Gamp



"If a skipper stands out by Sen' George's Channel, making for the Downs, what's right ahead of him? The Goodwins. He is n't forced to run upon the Goodwins, but he may. The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. That ain't no part of my duty. Awast then, keep a bright lookout for'ard, and good luck to you!"

— Captain Bunsby

"'Ado, Samivel'

"'Wot's a do?'

"'Well, good-bye, then.'"

— The Wellers

"'And so,' as Tiny Tim observed, 'God Bless Us Every One.'"

—From A Christmas Carol

CHRISTMAS

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Ah, Master of good enchantment, you have given us hours of ease and joy, and we thank you for them. But there is a greater gift than that. You have made us more willing to go cheerfully and comradely along the strange, crowded, winding way of human life, because you have deepened our faith that there is something of the divine on earth, and something of the human in heaven.

—Henry Van Dyke: Scribner's Magazine, June, 1912